

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

Doctor, U.S.A.

BY EDWARD J. MCCORMICK, M.D.
PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER

FEBRUARY 1947

20 CENTS





"Hmm... more smart people making tracks for Calvert!"

The sensible trend's to Calvert! Sensible...
because it's the "whiskey of moderation"... blessed with
friendly lightness... congenial taste... all-around
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ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Wartime Washington became accustomed to production miracles--when they could be revealed. Now, peacetime Washington is rubbing its eyes over some production miracles in reverse.

★

It is a strange story, with whiskey bottles, pots and pans, black strap molasses, shower stalls, a new process for extracting sugar, soda ash and power shortages, window frames, millwork and ventilating systems playing important roles.

★

The action shifts from Cuba to the sugar beet fields of the north central States and from Washington to the vast cornfields of the West. It holds promise for the Baruch-plan alcohol plants at Muscatine, Iowa, Kansas City and Omaha which it took a war to bring into being but which were designed to develop a solution to the grain surpluses of peace.

★

Those wartime production miracles, it should be remembered, created vast stockpiles which were comforting to the military and to the war production chiefs. But the thought of their effect upon peacetime markets plagued the postwar planners.

★

Two of the greatest of these stockpiles were those of alcohol and aluminum. A third included 50,000,000 pounds of magnesium, the magic metal, which has now been salted away permanently by Uncle Sam as a hedge against future trouble. But a combination of circumstances which even the most optimistic of the postwar planners could not have foreseen has disposed of the first two surpluses just as effectively as the third.

There were some 85,000,000 gallons of 190 proof alcohol in the nation's stockpile at war-end. There were some 372,000,000 pounds of aluminum--many, many times a normal year's supply. That 372,000,000 pounds of aluminum had been cut to 150,000,000 pounds by January 1--it will be entirely consumed in the first quarter of

this year. The 85,000,000 gallons of alcohol are almost entirely gone--and, strange as it may seem, some of the nation's largest producers of industrial alcohol are now contracting for substantial quantities of alcohol made from grain!

★

What is the cause of this sudden demand for aluminum and alcohol? How has Uncle Sam been rid of his two white elephant stockpiles so quickly? Washington officials explain it as follows:

To take the simpler story first--aluminum has emerged as a substitute for steel, not because the fabricators necessarily prefer it, but because steel is still in short supply. Our peacetime productive capacity has not been able to supply the demand, although operating at a peak. The explanation of this lies in two other shortages--soda ash and power. Soda ash is short for a number of reasons. It is going into bottle-making--whiskey bottles, among others--and the supply has been further cut by a strike of soda ash producers in Canada.

★

The shortage of steel and the shortage of new aluminum have combined to make the government's huge stockpile particularly attractive. It is vanishing away into pots and pans, millwork, shower stalls, window frames and ventilating systems. As a result, the price of secondary aluminum has practically doubled in a year and by April 1, the 372,000,000-pound stockpile will be gone.

★

The story of the disappearing alcohol stockpile is a bit more complicated. It begins with the sugar shortage. Black strap molasses is the residue of the process by which sugar is extracted from the cane. Two producers now extract alcohol from petroleum (and are presently consuming their entire production) but black strap molasses is the basic raw material from which industrial alcohol is made. Because there is a shortage of sugar, molasses also is short.

(Continued on page 33)



DIAMOND JIM BRADY (When He Could He Did)

The great bon vivant of his day tried a secret from Maryland one day—and his friends cried "More!"

My father used to say, "Diamond Jim was wonderful at discovering what people liked. And he'd search far and wide for ways to please his friends. He came upon Abbott's Aged Bitters one day during a visit to one of Maryland's stately old manor houses, and knew he'd found the one great remedy for dull cocktails!" Abbott's is *mellow* because it's aged—and in the ageing, all sediment is removed, so that you get a *clean* bitters! When next you need bitters, ask for Abbott's—leading seller in Maryland, home of great whiskies and gracious living.

C. W. Abbott



BRANDY COCKTAIL

1 Jigger of Brandy, 1 teaspoon of Curacao, 2 dashes of Abbott's Aged Bitters—stir well with cracked ice, strain into a cocktail glass and serve. Twist lemon peel over glass if desired. **FREE: Write today for Free Recipe Booklet... containing recipes of distinction.**



SINCE 1872
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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

AS WE advised in this column last month, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, Chairman of the Council on Medical Service of the American Medical Association, has answered the article "Clinic, U.S.A." by Senator Robert F. Wagner, which we published last month. As expected, Dr. McCormick presents an interesting case for his side of an explosive issue and he makes some highly constructive recommendations. His article is handsomely illustrated in four colors by Homer Hill.

We are not particularly partial to puns in this department, but in looking for a title for Mr. Fairfax Downey's story of the rash of railroad robberies which occurred after the War Between the States, we spotted a good one which we entitled "Work-in' on the Railroads". They sure got worked on! This story is to be part of a book Mr. Downey is having published this Spring.

One of the special delights of United States sportsmen is taking a fall out of the British; this friendly, if sadistic, pastime is an atavism from the year 1776. To prove that John Bull also runs, Vincent E. Lunny has sent us a summary of recent sports events which we have joyously entitled "Twisting the Lion's Tail".

Our Washington Newsletter (which appears *only temporarily* on page one) concerns itself with commodities, their surpluses and incipient shortages. Read it to learn some things you probably don't know (if you do, just pat yourself on the back).

In our fraternal section, now in the back of the book there appears an important announcement by Mr. Bert Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Look on page 40. The Grand Exalted Ruler, in his Message, which appears in the fraternal section, also points out the interest which will be aroused by Mr. Thompson's announcement.

Eddie Faust, (alias "Nanook of the North") has devoted his valuable space to dogs of the Arctic. This seems to us an interesting, if unusual, departure on the part of Nanook, and we intend to suggest he spend some time on "Dogs of the Tropics". We don't know what he can write about, other than Chihuahuas, but the thought ought to present an intellectual challenge.

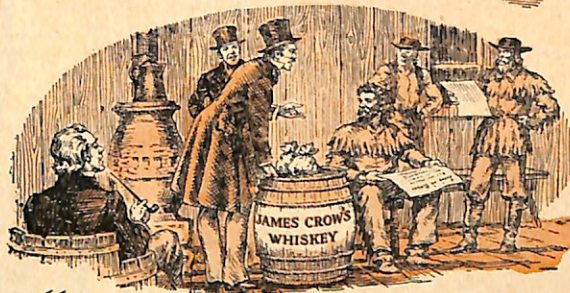
We had a smart little idea this month of linking our cover up with Mr. Trueblood's fine article on ice fishing. So we bought a cover which we very much admire, by artist John Wedde, and then we made ourselves a little black and white cut of it to go on the Rod and Gun page. Tricky fellows, we are.

C. P.



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW



"Money on the barrel-head..."
and the barrel was often
James Crow's Whiskey

When America's railroad builders bought their rights of way into the West, many a bargain was sealed with a round of Old Crow... then, as now, a whiskey worthy of high respect.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT—BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp. • New York

"The Tin-Eared Hero"

Larry didn't have much left—except his ring instinct, a red-head and his conscience

BY LEN ZINBERG

Barret was coming in at him—the way he must have looked when he charged up the hill to take that machine gun.

FLOHERTY
JR.



LARRY POLIER always wrinkled his nose when he was worried—which gave him a sort of comical look as his nose was flat and battered. Now his two hundred pounds were lazily crumpled into a big leather chair, and he was wrinkling his broken nose and rubbing his lumpy cauliflower ears. He was very worried.

"It's as easy as money from home. This George Barret is a cinch for you," Gruppo said. Gruppo was a dapper little man who looked like a bookkeeper, but his voice was tough and cold, deadly. "Not only do you get three grand for the fight, but think of all the change we pick up afterwards. You'll be back in the big-time again."

"Stop it," Larry said. "You know very well I can't take Barret. He's a kid, coming along like a house afire. Six straight kayos."

Gruppo stared at him with cold eyes. "I didn't call you in here to hand you a bum steer. If you were going in there to collect a beating, I'd tell you. Don't believe all this newspaper bunk. They give the kid a big play because he was a paratrooper, wounded, and all that big hero hooley. Sure, he's got a wallop, but he don't know nothing, never been extended."

Illustrated By JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



"I'm over thirty-three, what makes you think I'm the guy to extend a twenty-year-old kid?"

Gruppo smiled. "Because I got an angle, an in. I know a little secret." He leaned toward Polier and said softly, "Nobody has ever punched this Barret around the guts. All his fights have been short ones—one and two rounds. I found out—and never mind how—that one of his wounds was a busted rib. They patched it up but had to take away a lot of the bone. See, it was near his heart and they couldn't monkey with it much. It ain't strong, a couple of solid punches ought to break it."

Larry sat up. "You're a sweet kid, a regular sonny boy! Busting his rib—that's a fine thing to do to a war hero. And me never even in the army because of a bad ear. You picked the right guy to mess up a hero!"

"I get a third of your purse for being a smart manager, not a saint."

"It's a lousy thing to do," Larry said, rubbing his nose.

"Sure it is, but three grand ought to help you buy that garage you're always beefing about," Gruppo said curtly. "I been watching Barret work out. They say he's a right-hand crazy slugger. Maybe he is, but one reason he never uses that left much is to protect his bum rib. Look, musclehead, nobody knows about this but us, and we're cashing in. This might even get us another bout with Louis."

THE band was playing a soft sentimental number, the kind of music he liked, and Larry stared at his drink. Bee Shaw reached over and stroked his rough face and asked, "What's the matter, honey? You're too quiet." Bee was the kind of girl you had to look at twice to realize that under her expert make-up she wasn't a beautiful redheaded chorus kid of nineteen but somewhere in her early thirties. You could never tell it from her figure.

Larry told her about the fight, the three grand, and the wounded rib. Bee said, "Of course you won't take it. I mean the poor kid has battled guns and all that stuff, and then because a louse like Gruppo finds out about the wound . . . Larry, you can't do it."

"Red, I don't feel good about it, but it means three grand, and a lot more fights."

She said, "Honey, you've been stopping punches for twelve years. Retire now. We'll get married . . . we'll get by."

"Get by on what?" he asked, looking up at her. "Okay, I've been the big playboy, made a lot of dough and spread it around. Right now it all adds up to me being a washed-out pug with a couple of grand in the bank. You want me hanging around gyms, begging for a handout, selling ties, or something?"

Bee said softly, "We have exactly three thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven dollars and sixty-nine cents in the bank. Most couples don't

have that to start on."

"And most guys aren't washed up like me. Look, Red baby, I don't know nothing but throwing leather and tinkering with cars. If I could get ten grand, buy this garage, we're fixed for life. Little home and kids—all that story-book stuff is ours. Look, Barret hasn't been hit much, but sooner or later somebody is going to smack that rib, and it might as well be me. He's been knocking over a lot of punks. He'll never be able to protect that rib from the good boys. I'm not really hurting him. . . . Oh heck, Red, it's our last chance for dough!"

"I don't like to get our money that way," Bee said. "We've always been decent people, and we're staying that way."

"You can't be decent in the fight game. Suppose you cut a guy's eye in the opening rounds, do you lay off it? No, you keep smacking that cut, hoping you'll win on a TKO. There's nothing soft about boxing."

Bee squeezed his big hand. "There's something soft and good about you, that's why I love you. Take the fight if you want, for the three grand, but don't break the kid's rib."

"Sure, that's right," Larry said. "Still a kayo over Barret is the only way I can win. Too old . . . Aw, let's dance Red and forget it . . . for now."

A WEEK after he signed for the fight, Larry was sparring with Hank Freeman, the colored heavy. Freeman carried his left hand close to his side, like Barret did. Gruppo was standing near the ring, puffing nervously on a cigarette, barking orders. Between rounds he told Polier, "You're too slow. Keep circling to his left. Soon as he lets go with his left hand—as he'll have to—wham! you hook your right to his guts. Only you got to be fast. If Barret connects first, it's curtains for us."

"Us?" Larry said. "You sure take a tough beating!" He slipped his mouthpiece over his teeth and motioned for the bell.

They had sparred for about a minute, and twice Larry hooked his right to Freeman's ribs—hard blows that made the colored man grunt, even though they were using heavy gloves. As they came out of a clinch, Freeman suddenly grinned, the white of his mouthpiece against the dark brown of his skin. "Larry," he said, "here's that fine-looking girl of yours."

Larry danced away from Freeman and looked around the empty gym. Bee was standing near the sandwich stand, her face pale. Ducking through the ropes, Larry grabbed a towel to wipe the sweat from his body, and ran over to her. He shook his head—to drop his mouthpiece into his gloved hands—and said, "Hello, Red baby, what . . ." The smile froze on his big face as he saw the fire in her eyes. "Anything wrong?"

"Plenty! Practicing that hook to

Larry suddenly took Red in his arms and kissed her



the ribs, aren't you? Well, Larry Polier, you big ape, you can take your three grand, the garage and the house and the kids and forget about them as far as I'm concerned! Here, read this!" She pushed a newspaper clipping into his gloves and ran out of the gym, mascara streaming down her cheeks.

Larry stared at the door dumbly, then looked at the clipping. It was a story about Barret, about his climbing a hill to silence a machine gun, although badly wounded. It was part of the citation for his Silver Star.

"So you had to run your mouth and tell her!" a harsh voice said.

Larry spun around and almost fell over Gruppo. "You want the whole Jacobs Beach to know about this? Barret finds out, he'll come out slugging and knock you dead."

"I only told her. Gruppo, I never saw Red cry before."

"Forget it. Get that garage and she'll come running to you. Dames are always noble, except when things get tough. I know dames."

"Not like Bee you don't."

That night Larry called her backstage, between chorus changes, but she wouldn't speak to him. He didn't know what to do with himself, felt lost. It was the start of the restless feeling. He dropped in to see a

movie and walked out a few minutes later. Larry couldn't understand it; he had never been nervous about a fight before—not even when he fought Louis and knew he was going to get a shellacking. He walked around Broadway for a while, and finally went up to his hotel room, undressed, and stretched out on the bed. He reread the clipping . . . pictured Barret . . . his legs and side bloody . . . crawling up a hill . . . bullets breaking around him. He could see the . . .

The door opened softly and Gruppo came in. He sat down on the bed and lit a cigaret. For a moment he

(Continued on page 34)

What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

Salvage work on the Eritrean Coast. A grab bag of humor. Seafaring in the 17th Century. The loves of Nelson. Huzzah!

ON THE morning after Pearl Harbor, Commander Edward Ellsberg, who had resigned from the Navy some time before, applied in Washington for active service against the Axis. Although he was fifty years old, he was immediately snapped up because of his long and distinguished record as a salvage expert. At that moment in our history, with the jewels of our Pacific fleet lying on the bottom of the Pacific, naval authorities were even more than usually interested in a man who could make the sea give up its dead.

The Commander's assignment, however, was not Pearl Harbor; it was to proceed to the former Italian naval base at Massawa, on the Eritrean coast of the Red Sea, and there to salvage ships, docks and machine shops which had been sabotaged by

the retreating Italians. That harbor was vital to the Allied war effort in North Africa, and would be doubly so if General Rommel, who was then starting what looked like an all-too-successful offensive in the Middle East, should overrun Alexandria.

The Commander got his assignment—and that was all. The Navy had no salvage ships for him, no divers, no tools, nor could they give him even one officer as an assistant; all available machinery and personnel were being dispatched to Hawaii as fast as possible. The Commander was told to do the best he could with what men and equipment he could dig up. How he did it is the burden of his new book, "Under the Red Sea Sun", a story that can stand with any epic of the war for heroism, human interest and excitement.

Anyone who has ever read one of Commander Ellsberg's books about the sea (notably "On the Bottom", his account of the salvaging of the submarine S-51), knows that the author has a remarkable gift for describing the most complex and technical operations, such as raising thousands of tons of metal hull from the ocean floor, in simple understandable language. In the new book, other factors entered the story: in the first place, Massawa is famous as one of the hottest, most humid spots on the planet—in summer temperatures ranged around 150°, in winter they weren't much better—so that quite understandably such men as were available were not over-anxious to go there; in the second place, the only native laborers at hand were Eritreans, members of a race enfeebled by 2,000 years of malnutrition. There were also a few Italian POWs, but their efficiency and loyalty were both questionable and became more so as Rommel advanced across the desert of North Africa.

(Continued on page 26)



Commander Edward Ellsberg, author of *Under the Red Sea Sun*. At the right, jackets of some new books you will be reading.





*The saga of old-time
train robberies
makes lively reading*

THE war was over. In spite of its ravages and cost, people had money—more money than they had expected to see in their lives—and a tide of gold and silver, in bullion and coins, was rolling across the land. But there were still the have-nots: the luckless and the lazy, the footloose and free, the devil-may-care, the defeated and the desperate. Some of them were men who through four years of conflict had raided and looted, learning to kill or be killed.

“Workin’ on the Railroad”



BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

Crime seethed up throughout the post-Civil War United States and train robbery was perhaps its most violent and picturesque form.

A daring, dangerous business, halting the Iron Horse and forcing crew and passengers to stand and deliver. But there were plenty who found the risk worth it. They did battle with bullets, bombs and buckshot for loot which sometimes ran into the hundred thousands.

The first American train robbery, taking place in 1866, was a quiet, almost decorous affair. Bandits simply broke the lock on the door of an unguarded express car on a train running from New York to New Haven. Battering open two safes, they filled valises with \$700,000 in cash, bonds and gems, and left the train at Cos Cob as nonchalantly as present-day commuters bringing home a briefcase of paper work. Pinkerton detectives recovered part of the plunder and finally rounded up the whole gang, but the rich possibilities of stealing railway-express shipments had been perceived.

In October of that same year, the first organized gang of big-time train

robbers began operating in Indiana and Missouri. The gang was headed by four Reno brothers, Civil War bounty-jumpers and all-around rascallions. A fifth brother, Clint, eschewed the family enterprise and was known to the amazed citizenry as Honest Reno, because he was so "different".

Reno robberies were run off with precision. On their first job, masked men walked into an unlocked express car, drew guns on the messenger, took his keys, opened his safe, removed \$13,000, pulled the bell cord and jumped off when the train slowed down—just like that. On another occasion the gang boarded a train at a water stop, took the engine by storm, and uncoupled it and the express car from the rest of the train. Highballing ahead, the robbers entered the express car, where they beat the messenger into insensibility and tossed him off the train. Safes yielded a whacking big haul—\$96,000! The Renos did not abandon the captured train until they had ridden it almost all the way to their home town. One gets the impression that only the lack of a siding prevented them

from driving to their own back door.

Almost two years the Reno gang lasted, robbing banks as well as trains. Finally Vigilantes strung up three Reno henchmen, then another trio, and topped it off by lynching a quartet, including three of the brothers.

Train robbery was on its lurid way. Civil War bushwhackers and guerrillas, who had been raiding towns or farms of sympathizers with the other side, shifted handily to "workin' on the railroad". In Nevada the same Central Pacific train was plundered on two successive nights; the first loot was \$41,000 in cash and bullion, the second, \$40,000. Express and baggage cars, end doors customarily unlocked for use as rolling clubrooms by trainmen and their friends, were setups for bandits. Until well into the '70s the express companies, their coffers heavy with profits, took their considerable losses meekly. They did not even bother to arm their messengers, but let them provide their own pistols and ammunition.

It was at this point that the gang which would score the greatest repu-

Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



HANDS FLEW UP AS MASKED MEN WITH LEVELED GUNS APPEARED IN THE CAR DOORWAYS.



LATER THE JAMES GANG SOFTENED ITS TECHNIQUE TO THE EXTENT OF
PILING TIES ON THE TRACK AND FLAGGING ENGINEERS IN TIME FOR THEM
TO SEE THE OBSTRUCTION AND STOP.

tation of all made its dramatic debut.

Black smoke from the flared stack of a locomotive smudged the darkening sky as the eastbound Rock Island express puffed through Iowa on the evening of July 21, 1873. Just as the engine's headlight swung onto a curve, Engineer John Rafferty's startled gaze beheld a rail jerked from the track by a rope. Instantly he reversed his throttle and jammed on his brakes. But the distance was too short. The big engine hit the gap and overturned with a roaring crash and fierce hissing of steam. Baggage and express cars, five day coaches and two sleepers behind it, smashed to a bone-jarring stop. Rafferty lay crushed to death in his cab.

Whooping and shooting, robbers charged down on the train from their ambush in the woods. Bullets whistled through car tops or splintered window-glass. But the wreck had shaken all fight out of trainmen and passengers. Hands flew up as masked men with leveled guns appeared in the car doorways. A brigand, holding open the mouth of a grain sack, marched down the aisles, and cash and jewelry were dropped in by victims too unnerved to follow the practice, usual in train robberies, of hiding valuables under seat cushions or in spittoons.

One look into the muzzle of a Navy-model Colt was enough to persuade the express messenger to give up the keys to his safe. It yielded only a disappointing \$3,000, for a

slight error in timing had been made. Word from a scout in Council Bluffs had indicated that \$75,000 would be aboard; and a few hours later a train carrying that rich shipment did speed over repaired rails. But the James gang, headed by Jesse and Frank, and including the four Younger brothers, would try again.

The country was outraged by this cold-blooded crime, which might have killed scores as well as one engineer. European papers printed the story. A widespread but futile search was launched for the James gang, which gained such notoriety that nearly every railroad stickup for years in the Midwest and even in the Southwest was attributed to them. The gang enjoyed its own reputation not a little. On its next job the conductor was handed a ready-written account for the newspapers, describing the holdup as the most daring on record and its perpetrators as "all large men, none under six feet".

Later the James gang softened its technique to the extent of piling ties on the track and flagging engineers in time for them to see the obstruction and stop. But they still left a trail of death behind them, killing trainmen or Pinkertons without compunction. "They was druv to it," maintained neighbors who knew their background. The father of the Youngers had been murdered by Federal irregulars, and the mother of the James boys was seriously wounded by a bomb thrown by detectives. It wasn't long before Jesse James was enshrined as an American

Robin Hood: he had given a poor widow \$1,450 to pay off a mortgage, but then he held up the mortgager and took back his money!

Finally, after nine years, one of the James gang was tried and convicted on the testimony of another member, a pardoned convict. A jury found him guilty, undaunted by threats that Jesse and Frank were loose in the vicinity and would have their blood. Then another gang member, tempted by an offered reward of \$10,000, shot Jesse James in the back of the head while they were lying low in a hideout. Six months later Frank James surrendered. After trial and acquittal on a murder charge, he reformed. He was one of the few major figures of the train-robbing fraternity to die respectable and in bed.

In the mid-'70s the railway and express companies began to think that preparedness and counter-intelligence might be good ideas. How much could be achieved by way of successful defense was illustrated by the Battle of the Car Platforms. In January, 1876, railway detectives discovered that four former employes of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern had designs on a scheduled shipment of \$275,000 in cash and \$125,000 in bullion. Whereupon the company garrisoned a tempting express car and the baggage car behind it.

Two expectant railroad men in the express car beheld the bit of an auger spiral through the door. An
(Continued on page 22)

It's a Man's World



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

THE American Automobile Association has announced that women are better drivers than men. There isn't a wife in the land who won't agree with that, and probably not a husband who will. The statement is provocative and indeed threatens one of the cornerstones of male supremacy. To admit that anything less than 90 per cent of all accidents are caused by women drivers who window-shop as they tour is to upset one of the fondest traditions of the democracy.

The auto club makes no bones about it, saying flatly, "Most women seem to possess a more developed judgment than men when traffic conditions become difficult." If that weren't humiliating enough, the club goes on to add a final insult, declaring that women are better drivers because they rely on brains rather than brawn to get themselves out of traffic difficulties.

I'm not going to argue with the AAA, which is a big institution with millions of members and doubtless a crowd of hired lawyers who will sue me into the poorhouse if I say what I think. But if the AAA was a married man with his hands full of problems instead of being just a neuter club—and without the normal impulses of gender—it would let well enough alone by sticking to its road maps and not get mixed up in family arguments of such a delicate nature. Before completely refuting their contention about the reliability of women drivers, I must mention the danger of such statements which threaten the roots of Americanism, our system of free enterprise, and two or three other vital things near and dear to the masculine American heart which at the moment I can't seem to remember.

This country has been built up because of the steadfast belief in the dominance of the male. What needed to be done, men would do—with the encouragement of their womenfolk, certainly, who could best help by serving hot meals on time, and bearing sturdy children, preferably boys.

Upon this premise America was made into the world's most powerful nation. (Of course, our natural resources helped a little, but the Indians didn't do much with them, did they?) In recognition of women's advanced learning and as an indication of male benevolence, they have been allowed the franchise. This may have been a mistake, for it was understood by all concerned that if women were permitted to vote they would vote as their husbands advised. But in the last twenty-five years all sorts of queer people seem to have been elected to office.

When the automobile was developed to a point where it became reasonably safe for especially talented women to operate, men accorded them the privilege of driving the family car. Again it was with the understanding that they would limit their driving to such small excursions as driving The Master back and forth to work, taking the children to school, daily shopping for food and other necessities, delivering stuff to the cleaners and other short trips of an emergency nature. But if there was any important driving to be done, Papa would do it.

While the men have been away to war, or on strike, or even—a few of them—at work, what have the women done? They have abused the privileges granted them, driving to places of pleasure—like the beauty parlor—and in general have wormed their way into the AAA in an effort

to take over all the family driving, even the important and delicate maneuvering required for Sunday traffic. Here indeed is gratitude!

Occasionally there is a woman of perspicacity and I am happy to report that there is at least one of sufficient prominence to refute the sordid, woman-dominated AAA. She is Mrs. Mildred Y. McKay, considered a No. 1 authority on men and women drivers by the National Safety Council and director of safety and education for the Cleveland Automobile Club. Here is what she has to say on the subject of women drivers, "The average women hasn't the faintest idea of what is on the other end of the control of a car. She pushes and pulls things because she has been told to do so. Her use of the choke is a good example: if a little pull is good, a big one is better. When the carburetor is flooded, she is surprised."

And now comes the clincher from Mrs. McKay, "Many women are indecisive. In driving, split-second decisions are essential."

Mrs. McKay, I'd sure like to meet your husband.

I HAVE just discovered an astonishing and revealing social document which contributes the first original thought-about-drinking to see light in twenty years. In a thesis provocatively titled "Why I Gave Up Liquor", one Channing Brewster advances the theory that drinking is simply too much trouble.

Says the bothered Mr. Brewster, "Drinking causes an inordinate amount of fuss. The sheer labor of lugging liquor home from the stores is a primary nuisance . . . (with) large bottles of soda and ginger ale, the trouble is more than an inconvenience. Then there are the ingredients—oranges, lemons, limes, powdered sugar, olives, bitters and heaven knows what else—and the ice cubes—all to be fussed with."

Mr. Brewster has something there. Few people realize the trouble it takes to make a good martini, for example. To make and drink an extra dry martini, the kind that gives you a sharp, zesty appetite, requires 204 motions. But an ordinary cup of percolator coffee can be had for 194 motions, a glass of milk for 86 motions (not including milking the cow) or a slug of tap water for only 67 motions. The net saving in motions when most of us are so tired anyway is the best argument for teetotalism I've heard yet. (The argument is a little weakened when you realize that a jigger of straight whiskey can be had for only 55 motions, because you don't sip whiskey, you toss it down in one synchronized movement of elbow, wrist, neck, throat and gullet.)

A martini is a comparatively simple drink and Mr. Brewster's point becomes impressively clear when one compares the motions needed for the Big Three—coffee, milk and water—with a complicated mixture like a

(Continued on page 36)

Rod AND Gun

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



For some reason, you never see articles about ice-fishing. Well, sir, Mr. Trueblood remedies the omission.

ICE fishing is like love; it is a young man's sport, although a lot of old codgers still are pretty enthusiastic about it.

I have read a lot of articles on the subject which started with a half-hearted apology, and went on to state that, since there was no other fishing at the time, a man might as well go ice fishing. The truth of the matter is that no apology is needed. It can stand on its own merits. If a man is a fisherman he will fish where, when and however he can, and he'll enjoy all of it. I'm about fishing like the Irishman was about his whiskey. It's all good, but some kinds are better than others.

If I had to make a choice between ice fishing and dry-fly fishing for trout, I'd take the latter—naturally. I also prefer bass bugging, wet-fly trout fishing, salmon fishing and casting for bass and pike. I would rather ice fish than troll or still-fish.

I rate the sport neither at the top nor the bottom.

Each kind of angling has its own peculiar advantages. In ice fishing you don't have to argue about who will row the boat; you can walk on the lake. Some ice fishermen even skate while they are watching their tipups. Personally, I leave the skates off. I fall down often enough without them.

The other day a snipe-nosed little blonde walked into my office. She said she was a researcher for a picture magazine that intended to run some ice fishing pictures, and she wanted to get material for captions. It was much easier to look at her than the work on my desk, so I went into considerable detail on the subject. She took notes industriously—although I don't think she understood anything I said—and when I ran down she looked up with a bright smile and said, "But, Mr. Trueblue,

isn't it just too cold to go fishing?"

I said it was never too cold to fish, and that you could keep warm at anything if you wore enough clothes. That ended the interview. However, since many would-be ice fishermen are discouraged by the same thought, I'll state that I've been colder trout fishing in April than I ever have been ice fishing in January, and I've been colder than that in a duck blind.

In spite of that, you must be properly dressed to enjoy any winter sport. Your clothing must be flexible. You need windproof outer garments, footwear that will keep your feet both warm and dry (I wear three pairs of wool socks under rubber pacs), and warm, but not heavy, inner garments. I wear two suits of wool underwear, because two light garments are warmer than one heavy one. Then I wear a wool shirt and a good warm, windproof coat of hip length.

The coat frequently is taken off while I'm chopping holes for tipups, or during the middle of a sunny, calm day. On a warm, windless day a hat is better, but when it is cold and breezy a cap with ear flaps, or a parka, is a necessity. On a really severe day a pair of warm, wool pants under the outer windproof ones is welcome. A pair of warm mittens, which can be pulled off quickly to land a fish or bait a hook, completes the list of necessary clothing. When you get it all on you're dressed for anything. If you can't keep warm you're practically dead anyway, and you might as well give up.

So much for clothes. They're important, but a friend is more so. Now, not just any old friend will do. This must be a friend who owns a cabin on a good pickerel lake. As a matter of fact, if you have to make a choice between a lake with no pickerel and a lake with no cabin, you'd better take the one with no fish. No matter how good the fishing may be, you don't want to stand out on the ice all day. You want to get out of the wind occasionally and warm the inner (and outer) man. If you haven't a friend with a cabin, you'll have to build a bonfire on the shore. No bonfire is as comfortable as a cabin.

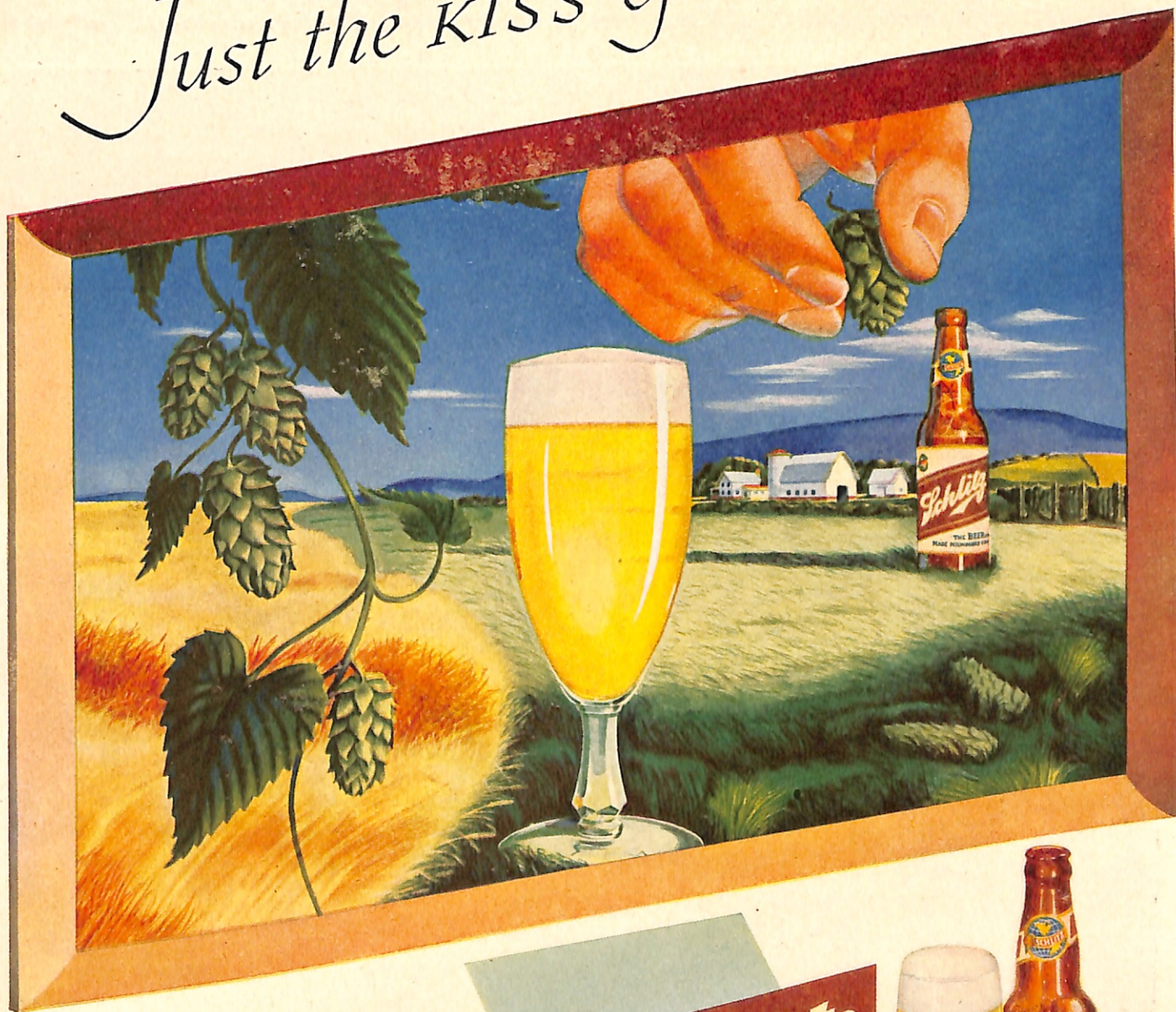
Jack Tallman, my friend and next-door neighbor, has a cabin on a lake not far from the small town in which we live. There aren't many fish in the lake, but we don't care. The cabin makes up for it, and we do catch one once in a while.

When we get to the cabin early on a winter Sunday, one of us goes in and builds a fire while the other heads for the lake and starts chopping holes for the tipups. As soon as

(Continued on page 37)

MELLOWED GOODNESS...

Just the KISS of the hops



No harsh bitterness...

Schlitz

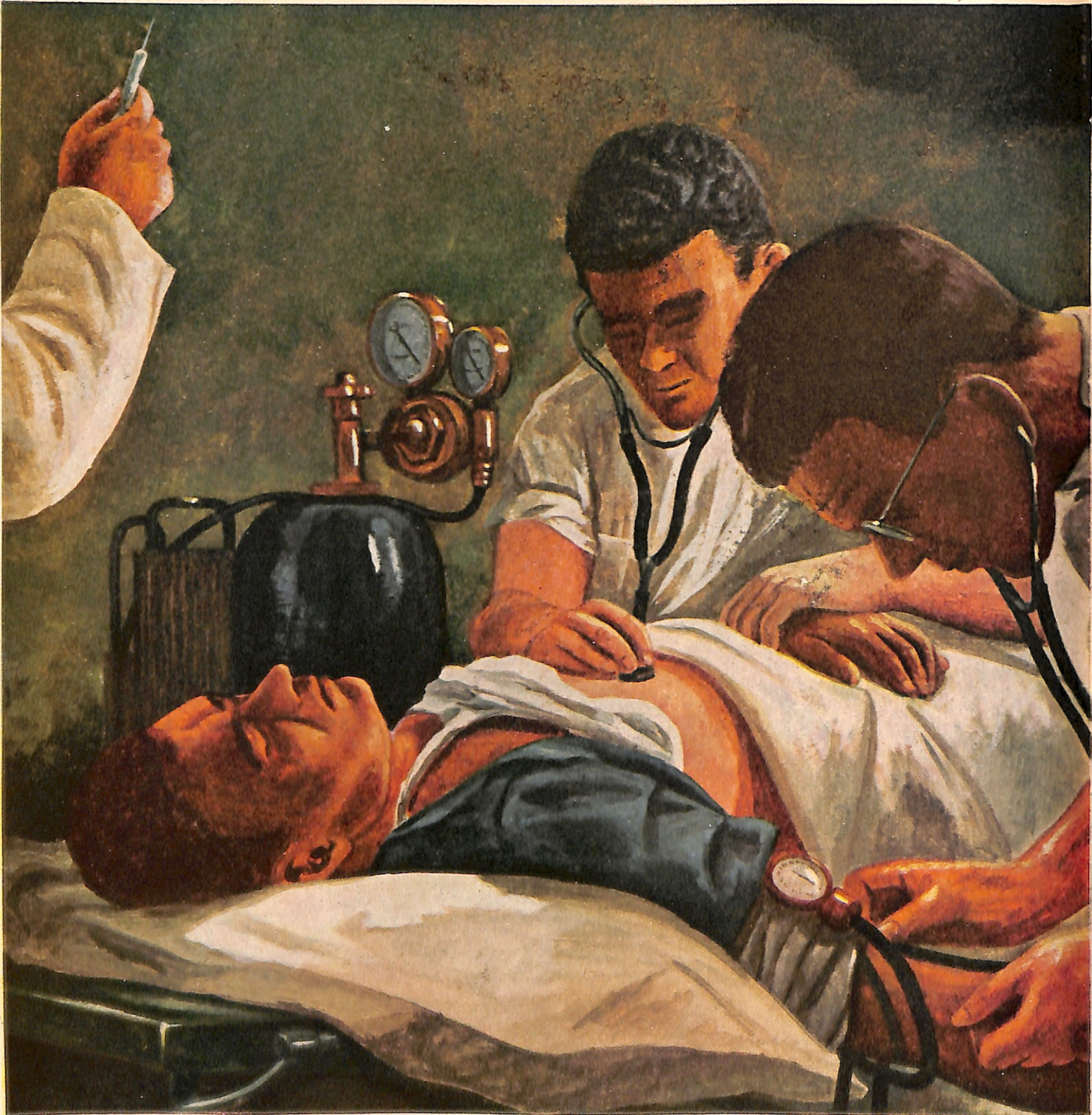


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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Doctor, U.S.A.

BY EDWARD J. McCORMICK, M. D., Past Grand Exalted Ruler, of Toledo, O., Lodge



Dr. McCormick, Chairman of the Council on Medical Service of the American Medical Association, presents his views on the Socialization of Medicine and the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill in answer to Senator Robert F. Wagner's recent article, "Clinic, U.S.A.", in this Magazine.



IN THE front ranks of those who would preserve Democracy stands the American Medical Profession. Opposed to the medical men of America are the social planners, job creators, and professional "do-gooders" who feel that the men and women of America, the greatest of nations, must be cared for by the government from womb to tomb, that our men and women cannot meet responsibilities and should have none. They propose that medical men and women, dentists, nurses and hospital workers should be regimented and that we whose fathers and mothers fled from the persecution and regimentation of other countries should forsake the American Way of Life, American Democracy, and adopt as our own, certain old world policies and techniques which are totalitarian and communistic. Bismarck in 1883, in Germany, sold his people on the principle of social security and socialism and sowed the seed which brought forth Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and led to the destruction of the German empire.

Despite many theories to the contrary, the *Seattle Times* observes, "The government of a nation is wholly dependent upon the people for financial support. . . . Government produces nothing. People pay the costs of their government—all the costs."

The *Times* describes the enormous inroads made by government into the pocketbooks of the people. In the early days, the government found sufficient support in indirect taxation—the "duties, imports and excises" specified by the Constitution. Then came direct taxation in the form of the income tax, with its steadily ascending rates. After that came the withholding tax idea—under which a certain proportion of each worker's weekly or monthly pay check is paid into the Federal Treasury to support some service or other. The Social Security law which, as the *Times* says, is based on the premise that "all the people were too unthrifty to provide for their own welfare and old age," is the prize example of this.

Now the country is threatened with one more bite in the form of the proposed, compulsory National Health Bill, generally known as the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill. To quote the *Times* again, "The President, some members of Congress and

some government agencies have decided that the people, as a whole, are unable to take care of their health, and government must do it for them . . .

"After the health bill, the logical succession of laws must be for more pay-roll withholding to provide the balanced diet, the proper apparel, and the right kind of homes for all the people—all to be prescribed by government.

"What the government may try to do from there on is anybody's guess; but the safest guess is that by that time there will be nothing more of earned income to withhold."

If the American people are at last ready to admit that they are completely incapable of caring for themselves, and for making their own decisions as free agents, government will of course step in and order our lives. And, if the American people accept that premise, every personal liberty is irretrievably gone.

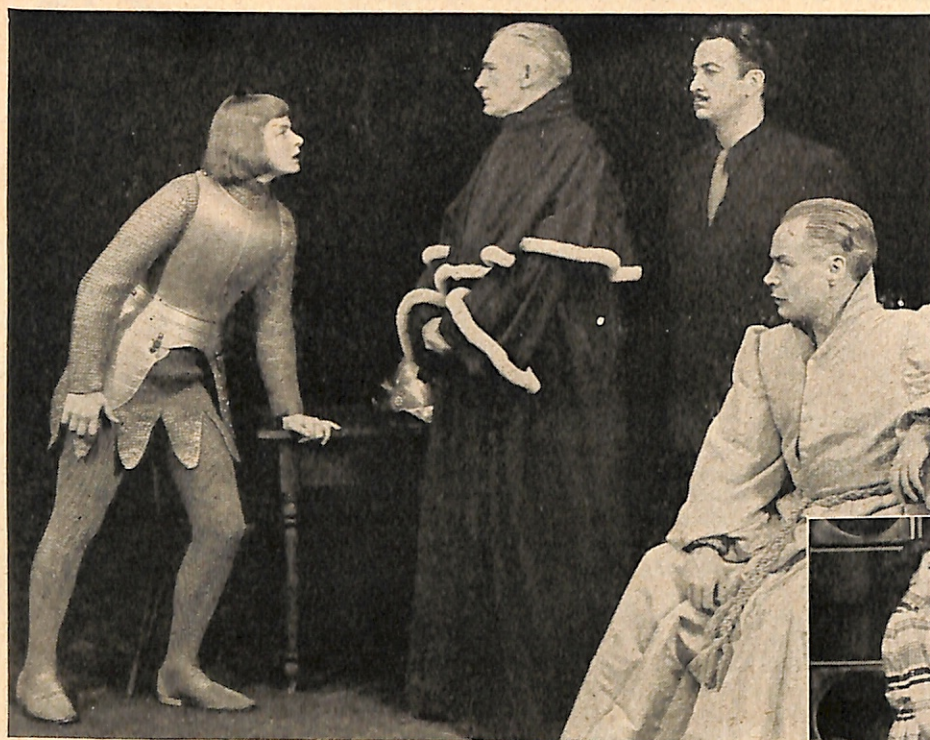
The Socialization of Medicine as outlined in the Truman Health Program and the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill is a threat to American Democracy. There are many reasons for this statement but two are of great importance.

First: The acceptance of socialized or political medicine by the American Legislators and the American people is a further step in the direction of centralized government, loss of state's rights and governmental control of the daily lives of the people and can only lead to federal control of other professions and all business endeavor. It seems paradoxical to presume that a free people should ever seriously consider the adoption of such a proposal. It is backed, however, by a great army of social uplifters and job seekers and is being presented to the people with a salesmanship which stresses security, and no mention is made of the fact that sooner or later the tax payer and the so-called common man will sacrifice his liberty and will become a pawn to be moved here and there by a dictatorial government. When the government has decided who his doctor shall be and how many treatments he may have and has forced him to certify for public record to the diseases which he or his wife may have had in the past, the same government will soon spec-

(Continued on page 30)

WE RECOMMEND:

On Stage



Ingrid Bergman's performance as Jeanne d'Arc in Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine" called out all the superlatives from both critics and public. In this play within a play, the famous Swedish beauty reveals herself as one of our greatest actresses, a fact movie-goers have known for some time.

Below, Mary Wickes, Marthe Errolle and Ruth Matteson prance and chant a doleful little ballad mourning the fact that husbands do not grow on trees. "Park Avenue", one of the theater's gayest musicals, is a witty, sophisticated comedy brightened by the presence of its new star, Leonora Corbett.



The American Repertory Theater has again met with success in its farcical presentation of Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Androcles and the Lion". Below, Ernest Truex, as Androcles, befriends a wounded lion who later saves his life when he becomes a Christian martyr.



Above: Florence Eldridge, her husband, Fredric March, and Patricia Kirkland, in Ruth Gordon's play, "Years Ago", a heart-warming autobiographical play describing Ruth at sixteen and the difficulty she meets in persuading the family to let her go on the stage. Penetrating characterizations, particularly that of March, turn a frothy confection into a pleasant evening.



and Screen

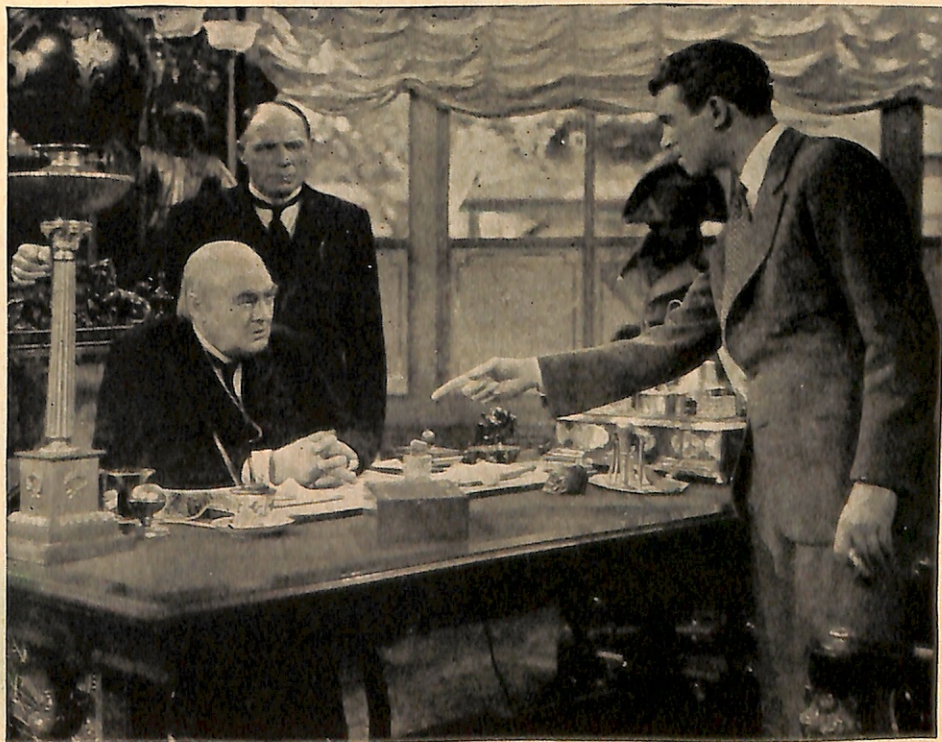


Above: Jimmy Cagney, still playing rough, tough and nasty, appears as a trainer of operators for the Office of Strategic Services in 20th Century-Fox's adventure-thriller, "12 Rue Madeleine". This one gives Cagney plenty of opportunity to slap people around, a pastime in which Mr. Cagney is even more accomplished than Mr. Bogart.



Above: David Niven, Loretta Young and Nona Griffith appear in a scene from "The Perfect Marriage", a little number whipped up by Wallis Productions. As you might guess from the title, a dear, dear little girl plays a prominent role in doing—guess what?

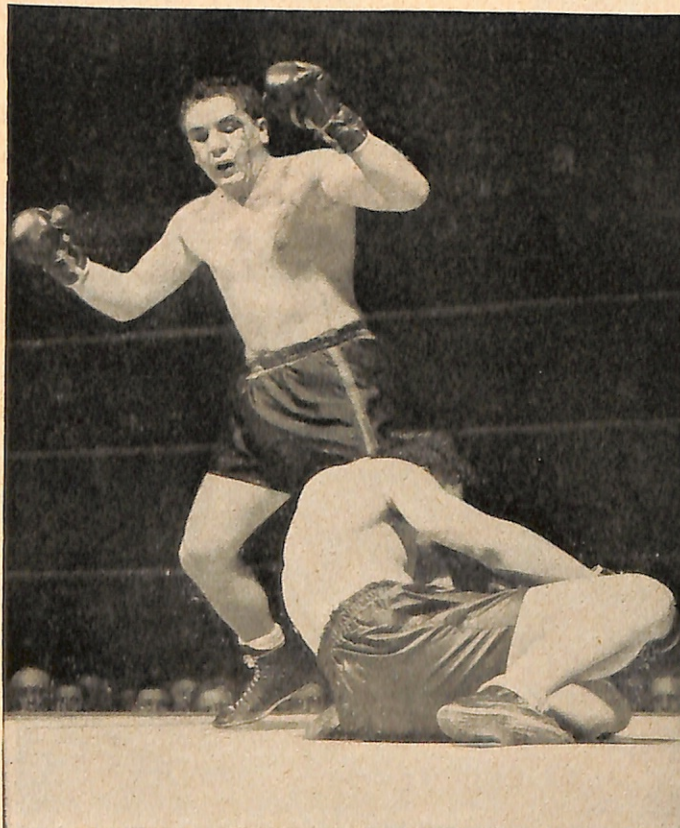
Right: Jimmy Stewart's new picture, "It's a Wonderful Life", an RKO-Radio Release, has invoked shrill huzzahs from those who have seen it. It's a story of a discouraged young man who wishes to commit suicide, but is shown by a guardian angel what would have happened to his town and his wife had he not lived his life.



twisting the



Yankee athletes delight in licking the tar out of the British, possibly because of British good manners



Above: Bruce Woodcock, the British heavy-weight champion, slides to the canvas for the knockout in the fifth round of his fight with Tami Mauriello. Right: Russia's football team, the Dynamos, takes the field against the British Chelsea players. The Dynamos scored a decisive victory.

B RITISH athletes no longer figure prominently in international competition, not even in their national game of soccer. And when Englishmen have been relegated to the status of bush-leaguers in their greatest spectator sport—as well as in golf, tennis and boxing—the gloom is as thick as a London fog.

Sport has retrogressed to such an extent in Britain that after every engagement with other nations, particularly the United States, the English press is prepared to indulge in lachrymose lamentations. In fact, tears of impending disappointment are mixed liberally with printer's ink even before the athletes meet their foes. Severe drubbings have conditioned the English to expect defeat. Only fans of a last-place ball club can appreciate their feelings.

Even the most optimistic seers of the sports sections have not the temerity to forecast a revival in the near future. All agree that to regain prestige a long-term revamping of the British sports program is necessary.

The mid-Victorian idea of playing the game must be discarded in favor of the 20th Century idea of winning the game. Lackadaisical training methods must be replaced by a rigid program of physical conditioning and mental stimulation. Schools and playgrounds must introduce programs designed to develop future stars; not that sport is an end in itself, but a healthy interest in sport is good for a nation, its morale and its physical well-being.

The British lion is down now, as flat as a British boxer, and its tail is being twisted with glee by the super-athletes of other nations. This unhappy state of affairs can't be attributed to the war either, because countries like Russia and France, both particularly ravaged by the Martian monster, have been able to beat the British in postwar games, sometimes with embarrassing ease.

Three important factors have been offered as an explanation for the slump in British sports ability which has led one London columnist to suggest that Britain withdraw entirely from international competition, including the Davis Cup matches and the Olympic games. The three factors are:

1. The question of social status and the insurmount-

British, Combine Photo. Others by Press Association, Inc.



lion's tail

BY VINCENT D. LUNNY

able barrier of demarkation between the amateurs and the professionals. At Lord's, the famed cricket field, there are separate entrances for "players" and "gentlemen".

2. The poor pay offered professionals. Soccer players, who draw crowds of more than 100,000 to big games, were forced to threaten strike action to get a minimum wage of seven pounds, about \$30, a week.

3. The lack of emphasis placed upon sports in the English schools. The president of the Oxford Debating Society, for example, is better known on the campus of that famous university than any of its leading athletes.

Stanley Anderson, the English novelist who is so keenly interested in sports that he writes about them in his spare time, blames the ostracism of the pros for the woefully poor showing of British golfers. The same yardstick might be applied to other athletes.

While the United States has produced a galaxy of fairway stars who hack strokes off par with almost monotonous consistency, Britain has not produced a really great golfer since Henry Cotton.

When Sam Snead, certainly not the best golfer America had in 1946, won the last British Open, besting his closest competitor by four strokes on the tough, wind-swept St. Andrew's links, he became the eighth American to win the title.

Actually, taking into consideration the multiple victories of Walter Hagen who won the Open four times, and Bobby Jones who triumphed three times, the British Open championship has come to America fourteen times in the last twenty-five years.

Beside this record, the British efforts in the U. S. Open appear as weak as a topped drive. If Byron Nelson and Ben Hogan had competed in the 1946 British medal play, Americans might well have taken the first three places, completely dominating the field.

English golfers are justly envious of the glamorized American pros who have the freedom of their home clubs and are welcomed like princes wherever they travel. The British counterpart of Nelson or Hogan is regarded merely as a servant of his club, and nothing more.

"The British pro is acknowledged as a fine golfer, but little help or encouragement is given him," said

Stanley Anderson. "Once I was playing with the Duke of Windsor, when he was King Edward VIII, on one of London's most famous courses. In our party was a prominent British professional. At the conclusion of our morning round, the secretary of the club asked the King to take his party elsewhere for lunch because we had a professional with us. The King took us to his own home to dine and later he resigned from the club."

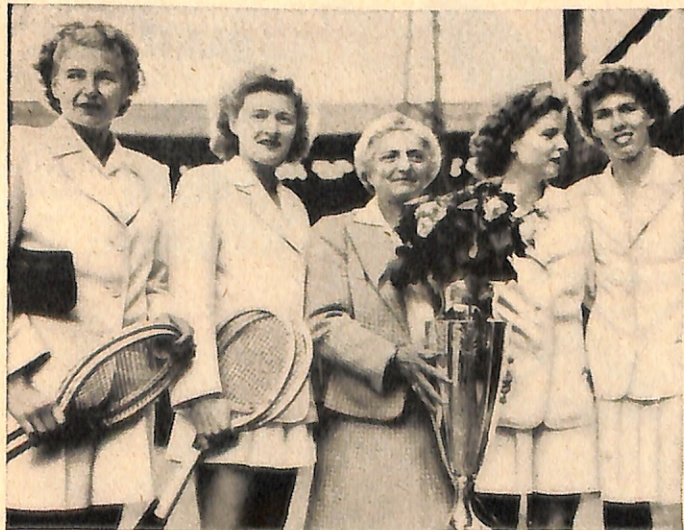
In England they tell the story of an American pro who took his clubs out to a fairway, dropped a dozen balls and proceeded to hit them to the green with a mashie niblick. Then he retreated several yards and hit them to the pin again with his spade mashie. Then he moved farther back and used his mashie . . . right through the whole range of irons.

After watching this practice session for a while, the secretary of the club went out and said, "You can't do this here, you know. We have a practice green behind the club house. But you can't practice on the fairways."

The American was acquiescent but as he walked away he said, "Maybe that's why you haven't many good golfers."

The same attitude prevails in other sports and, as a consequence, British tennis has suffered a sharp decline in calibre of play. The English 1946 Davis Cup team was a farce, swept ruthlessly into the pit of oblivion by the Frenchmen who won every one of the five matches. During the three-day series the Britishers were able to win only one set, a really dismal showing by a mediocre band of netmen.

To add insult to injury, Yvon Petra, the French giant who sold his sidewalk café to concentrate on tennis, won the all-England singles championship, defeating Geoff Broun, an Australian, in the finals. Pauline Betz won the ladies' crown for the U. S. without dropping a single



Above: Sam Snead, first American golfer to win the British Open in thirteen years, displays the championship trophy to stewardess Vivian Backus, after returning by overseas clipper. Left: Members of the U. S. team that defeated England's best in women's tennis to retain the Wightman Cup.

set in two weeks. The three doubles titles went to America, too.

Also in 1946 the Wightman Cup went to the United States for the tenth time in succession. Britain couldn't win a set, let alone a match, and the 7-0 debacle has no parallel since 1923, the year the cup was offered for competition.

The American sweep prompted Clifford Webb, a British tennis expert, to write, "Perhaps it is almost as well that the bottom has dropped right out of our stock because, if the right methods are applied, a clean start from scratch might be a speedier process than any attempt to change the style or the mental outlook of seasoned players."

He suggests that those who control tennis in Britain put a series of fine combs through all the tennis players in the country, not forgetting those who play by the hour in the parks, seeking a formidable array of potentially great players. He wants them developed along killer lines so that Britain may regain the prestige it has lost on the courts.

John Macadam, of the *London News Chronicle*, is another writer who realizes the shortcomings of his countrymen. As long as such alert writers are aware of the basic reasons behind the debacles there is hope for a revival of British sport.

The tennis effort of the average ranking British player is silly. Too few realize that the game is no longer the gentle pastime of the Victorian courts, no longer a game of immaculate flannels, tailored shorts and "Jolly good shot, sir!"

American readers are familiar with the moribund condition of British boxing. Jack (Just Call Me King) Solomons is the czar of the ring in England and all he controls are passé fighters like Nel Tarleton, Ernie Roderick, Jackie Paterson and a few of dubious quality like Bruce Woodcock, the heavyweight champion of the Empire, and Freddie Mills, a light heavyweight.

Every time an Englishman climbs into a ring with an American he ends up on the floor—well, almost every time. Against Tami Mauriello, Woodcock showed that he could dish it out, but he failed to keep after his man when he had him on the run in Madison Square Garden. It was the same old story: no killer instinct. The British just haven't got it. In the fifth round of the fight Woodcock and Mauriello were drubbing away at each other's midsections. Suddenly the American lifted his fire and landed on Woodcock's jaw. The Englishman, unbeaten in twenty-five fights, went down and that was that. At the Yankee Stadium in September, Joe Louis scored a one-round knockout against Tami, leaving Woodcock a hopeless contender against America's best.

In marked contrast to the performances of the British fighters is the showing of Cerdan, the French middleweight, who in December decisively beat Georgie Abrams in Madison Square Garden. The middleweight

division is currently our strongest, and Cerdan's well-fought match pushed him to the front as a title-contender. He left these shores with a date to return, which is more than can be said for the recent British boxers.

In London, bull-shouldered Freddie Mills went down six times before the punishing fists of Gus Lesnevich, the U.S. light heavyweight champion. In the tenth round of a bout, which was supposed to help revive British boxing, Freddie forgot to duck again. He got up at the count of nine, a helpless target. The referee stopped the fight.

The domination of the British sports scene by outsiders extends even to soccer. The fans, who are as rabid as the inhabitants of Brooklyn, haven't yet recovered from the postwar visit of the Russian Dynamos.

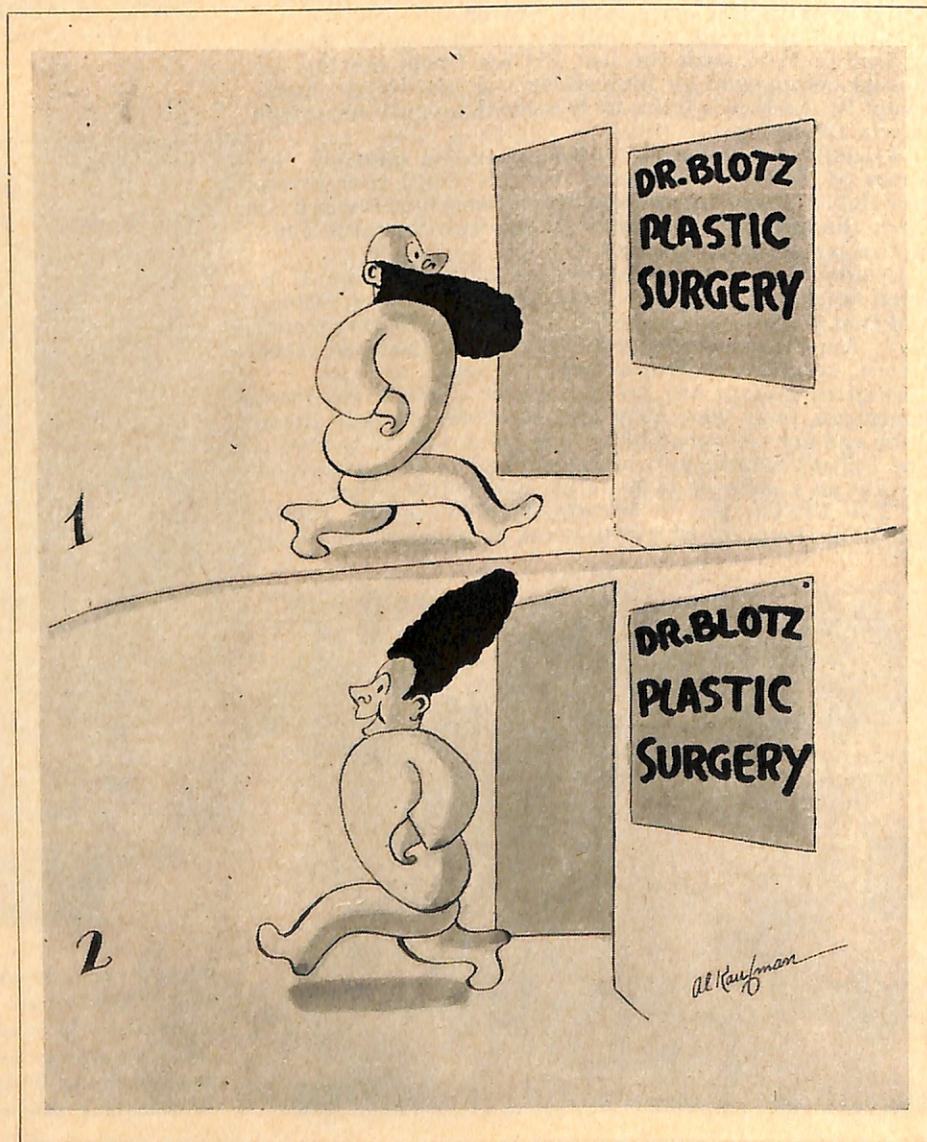
The day before they made their debut in England, the *London Daily Express* ran a three-column headline: "Don't Expect Too Much from the Russian Dynamos." Paul Irwin, the *Express* expert, crawled out on a rickety limb. "I say they are not nearly good enough to play our class professional teams," he wrote. "All

I do is ask the soccer customers not to expect too much from them when they meet Chelsea.... The Dynamos are simply a set of very earnest amateurs, factory workers who train at night and go through the football motions on their off-day. I say this confidently after watching them in training."

Apparently unable to read English, the Dynamos proceeded to saw off Paul Irwin's perch. They tied the Chelsea team, 3-3, and then swamped Cardiff, 10-1. Stunned by this outcome, the British pulled a fast one—they plugged gaps in the famed Arsenal team with stars from all over the country and tossed them against the visitors.

Led by Mikhail Yakushkin, flaxen-haired Merited Master of Sports of the U.S.S.R., the Dynamos protested the ganging-up tactics, but they took the field anyway and trimmed the starry array of pigskin booters, 4-3. Undefeated in three games, they spurned an offer of another engagement, climbed into their two lend-lease Dakotas and flew home.

And so it goes in every sport. The amateurs, seldom encouraged, poorly-trained and with little incentive, are easy prey. The pros, poorly-paid



social outcasts, are unable to compete with the super-athletes of other nations. However, consider the position of the professional at an American golf club. His artistry on the links is the awe of the duffer members and this deep respect is no unimportant factor in spurring talented caddies to follow the honored career of the golf pro.

In the United States, major-league ball players draw anywhere from \$5,000 to more than \$50,000 a season; football players get as much as \$20,000, and hockey players seldom cash checks for less than \$7,000, exclusive of playoff money. Thus adequately compensated for the revenue they draw for their owners, they have a certain independence. They are free to think of nothing but their career.

British soccer players seldom get more than \$30 a week during the playing season and, if they are to maintain a decent standard of living, they must augment their earnings elsewhere. Consequently their games suffer just as Joe DiMaggio's would if he had to live on \$30 a week from April to October instead of \$42,500 a year.

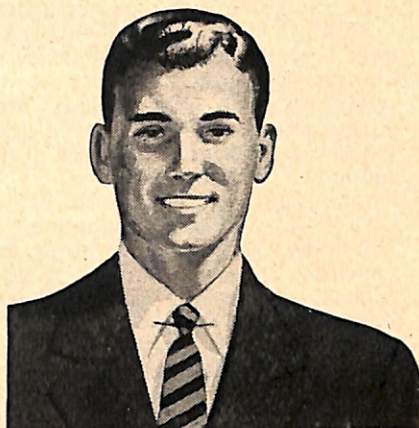
There is no excuse for the low rates of pay in England as soccer crowds range as high as 90,000 and the owners of the clubs are able to show substantial profits and healthy balance sheets.

Probably the root of the British trouble lies in the fact that inter-scholastic and intramural sport is not encouraged. Scholars play for fun, not to win, and the fierce competitive spirit which is necessary in international events is never engendered.

The situation is the same in the universities where sport is never subsidized. When you think of Notre Dame you think of football, of famous players and big gates. But when you think of Oxford you think only of rowing . . . and even that has fallen into low estate.

"There is no eight of outstanding merit," wrote the editor of *Isis*, the Oxford weekly. "And as long as the number of science students remains at the present level, adequate time for practice will remain a serious obstacle."

Apparently the university is torn 'twixt atom and oarlock, the sliding world and the sliding seat. It's the same in all England. Sport is simply regarded as being unimportant and unless that attitude changes, the country's withdrawal from international competition is more than a remote possibility.



SHOW HOW HE'LL BE

**MONEY
AHEAD**

IN AN ARMY JOB!

NECESSARY MONTHLY EXPENSES—										
	UNMARRIED CIVILIAN WORKER (MONTHLY INCOME \$191.00)					UNMARRIED ARMY PRIVATE (MONTHLY INCOME \$75.00)				
	\$10	\$20	\$30	\$40	\$50	\$10	\$20	\$30	\$40	\$50
Meals										
Lodging										
Clothing										
Medical & Dental Care										
Insurance										
Laundry, Cigarettes, etc.										
Incidentals										
Transportation to and from Work										
Income Tax										
	\$163.00 OUT OF \$191.00					\$26.50 OUT OF \$75.00				
	The Civilian Saves Only \$28					The Army Private Saves \$48.50				

WHEN young job-hunters ask *your* advice, tell them to sign up for a top-notch **PAYING** job—an **ARMY** job!

Go down the list of civilian job opportunities open to young men. Check the earnings of factory workers, clerks, messengers, door-to-door salesmen. They do well to gross \$250 a month. And what's left after expenses? The chart above tells the story . . . that the Army Private has more money left to save or spend than the average civilian of his age.

That's just **STARTING** pay. After 6 months of satisfactory

service he becomes a PFC and his pay goes up to \$80 per month. Every three years he gets an automatic 5% raise. With every promotion—and Army promotion policies are more generous than ever—*more money*. Then there's still additional pay for overseas service and for flying and glider crews!

The Army man also gets Retirement Credits—at no cost—which enable him to retire at half pay after 20 years, three-quarters pay after 30 years.

Your aid in this matter is a service to your country.

NEW, HIGHER PAY FOR ARMY MEN

In Addition to Food, Lodging, Clothes and Medical Care

In Addition to Column One at the Right: 20% Increase for Service Overseas. 50% Increase, up to \$50 Maximum Per Month, if Member of Flying or Glider Crews. \$50 Per Month for Parachutists (Not in Flying-pay Status) while Engaged upon Parachute Duty. 5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service.

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER: 20 Years' 30 Years' Service Service	
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	\$165.00	\$107.25	\$185.63
Technical Sergeant	135.00	87.75	151.88
Staff Sergeant . . .	115.00	74.75	129.38
Sergeant	100.00	65.00	112.50
Corporal	90.00	58.50	101.25
Private First Class	80.00	52.00	90.00
Private	75.00	48.75	84.38

Your Regular Army Serves the Nation and Mankind in War and Peace

"Workin' on the Railroad"

(Continued from page 10)

eye peered through the hole. The expressmen played possum. Two more holes were bored; then a saw cut the three into one large hole. A hand poked through, reached for the doorlatch. One defender clamped its wrist, the other signaled by bell cord to the baggage car. Its garrison of four burst out and attacked the robbers, also a quartet.

Followed a terrific struggle. There were no vestibules—the car platforms were open. It was a pitch-black night and rainy, making footing and handholds slippery. The train was hurtling ahead at the then dizzy speed of forty miles an hour, swaying on the curves. Every man packed a gun, but none dared, or had a chance, to shoot. The robbers tried to chuck the officers off the train and, failing that, to jump clear themselves. The law, clutching iron stanchions with a free hand or wrapping legs around them, repulsed these earnest endeavors. Finally, might and right turned out to be on the same side; the robbers were "subdued"—which means they were battered into a comatose condition—and thrown into the clink.

Railroads were unable to set any trap that would catch Sam Bass. Sam was swift, sudden and unpredictable. As a lad he had immensely admired the exploits of the Renos, and in due course he set out to emulate them.

TOWARD dusk one evening in 1877 the lonely agent at the little water-stop station of Big Springs, Nebraska, heard hoofbeats on the prairie. He looked up to welcome, as he thought, a visit by friendly cowboys, but seven armed men in red bandanna masks crowded in. They tied him up, hung his red signal lantern beside the tank and tore the telegraph instrument loose from its connections.

Soon the eastbound Union Pacific express ground to a stop. Hardly had the fireman pulled down the tank spout when masked men rose from the tall grass on both sides of the track and covered him and the engineer with six-shooters. The bandits made them douse the fire under the boiler, immobilizing the engine.

A sharp rap on the express-car door woke the messenger, who opened up, thinking it was the station agent at Ogalalla. He stared down into the leveled gun of Sam Bass. "Throw up your props!" Sam ordered. He and helpers garnered some \$400 from a small safe. But it was the big "through" safe that held the real plunder—\$175,000.

Ordered to open it, Miller, the messenger, swore he did not know the combination. Even when a brigand brutally beat him on the head with a revolver butt, jammed its muzzle against his lips and knocked him down, threatening to kill him, Miller

stuck to his story. Sam Bass, convinced, interposed with "Let him go. I guess he's telling the truth," and began battering the safe with an ax.

Finding that he could no more than dent the safe, Bass and his crew were about to abandon the train as an unprofitable job when Sam noticed three small wooden boxes, sealed with wax. "What's in these?" he demanded. Miller answered, "I don't know—castings or something." Sam picked up a box and smashed it on the floor. Out burst a shining, yellow cascade of newly-minted \$20 gold pieces. Each box held \$20,000 in gold coin.

"Boys," Sam Bass announced modestly, "that's enough for us."

There is no telling how long Sam might have flourished, had he not had the misfortune to have the Texas Rangers take up his trail. They killed or captured all but two of his gang. Finally Rangers spotted those survivors, and Sam himself, reconnoitering a bank. When the smoke of the gunfight cleared away, Sam was mortally wounded. On his tombstone is inscribed: "A brave man reposes in death here. Why was he not true?" His guns and hats became collectors' items. Cafes and taverns were named for him. Sam Bass hide-outs, a biographer states, are as numerous in Texas as beds in which George Washington slept are in Virginia.

The saga of train robbery, like the history of warfare, is a record of weapon and counter-weapon, of a new offense and the development of a defense to block it. Railways, ending the old carefree methods, put on new express cars, as stoutly constructed as if they were about to roll into a battle zone—as indeed they were. Tough *hombres* were hired for train crews and formidably armed. Robbers, repulsed in direct assaults, took to strategy.

Into a Union Pacific express car one day in 1879 was loaded a coffin. It was accompanied by a black-clad, heavily-veiled woman and two melancholy men, declaring themselves to be the mother and brothers of the departed. They asked to be allowed to ride with the remains in the express car, but rules forbade.

Express Messenger Axley, \$35,000 in his safe, eyed the coffin with lively suspicions as the train chugged on. The conductor confided that the mourning mother had the largest feet he'd ever seen on a female. Baggage-man Frye dropped in to keep the expressman company—just in case.

Suddenly, train brakes ground on; somebody had pulled the bell cord. Up thrust the lid of the coffin. Before its occupant, a bearded bandit known as Utah Charley, could rise and shoot, Axley fired. Utah Charley collapsed, an authentic corpse this

time. Axley shouted, "Watch the door!" and Frye threw his gun on the mourning "mother," charging into the car. "She" simultaneously surrendered a pistol and a claim to being a member of the fair sex. The robber in skirts and the two others received jail sentences.

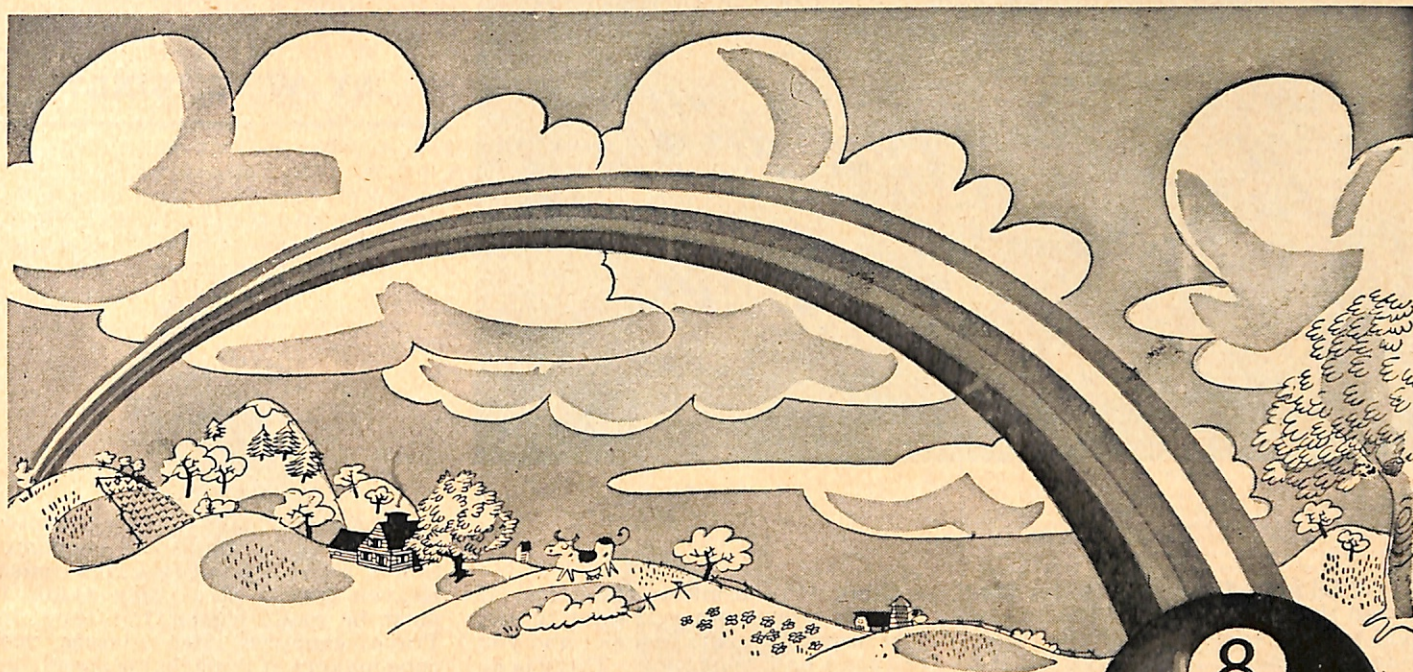
To foil bandits, an inventor drew plans for a globular, steel express car, complete with revolving gun turret. The modern flame-thrower was forecast by a device developed by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad; nozzles mounted on the engine cab's roof would spurt jets of live steam on hold-up men climbing over the tender to attack the engineer and fireman from the rear. Other railroad lines used "arsenal cars" and strengthened each garrison with four extra guards, heavily armed.

In spite of new defenses, train robbery continued to flourish. New mines in the Southwest, new railroad lines carrying their treasure, a new crop of bandits led to such whopping takes as \$50,000 and \$60,000 all through the '80's. Angered by what they considered to be exorbitant rates, communities often rejoiced to see express companies looted by bandits. The Southern Pacific and other railroads were bitterly hated in their early days by settlers victimized in land-grant rackets, so when trains were stuck up cheers resounded all along the right of way.

DURING the period 1890-91, 261 train robberies occurred, with casualties of 88 killed and 86 wounded. "By 1894, the tendency to wreck trains for robbery purposes was becoming pronounced," writes Alvin F. Harlow in *Old Waybills: The Romance of the Express Companies*, and the country began to get worked up. Public sympathy for the bandits ebbed; victims of bandit-planned smash-ups concluded that train robbery was getting too personal.

New express cars, all-steel, were virtual fortresses. Hard-boiled messengers used weapons ranging from riot guns to oyster mauls—then photographed the corpses. Larger rewards were offered for capture, dead or alive. Gold and silver gave way to bank drafts. The Civil War guerrillas were dead and gone, or reformed and pursuing such conventional means of livelihood as lectures, memoirs or pensions. Tamed and shorn was the wild and woolly West.

There still is a lot of money in the idea of holding up a train. One of the earliest American movies, *The Great Train Robbery*, was a hit in 1903. And, ever since, Hollywood has filmed versions of the same theme again and again—with takes somewhat more substantial than those of the Renos, Sam Bass, the James Boys or the Younger brothers.



At the end of many a rainbow—

IF YOU go to the end of a rainbow, so the fairy tales say, you'll find a pot of gold.

Of course no grownup believes this. But it's surprising how many people believe what amounts to the same thing.

That is, many of us have a dreamy notion that somewhere, sometime, we'll come upon a good deal of money. We couldn't say exactly how this might happen—but we go along from day to day, spending nearly all we make, and believing that *somehow* our financial future will take care of itself.

Unfortunately, this sort of rainbow-chasing is much more apt to make you wind up behind the eight ball than with a pot of gold.

When you come right down to it, the only sure-fire way the average man can plan financial security for himself and his family is through saving—and *saving regularly*.

One of the soundest, most convenient ways to save is by buying U. S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Plan.

These bonds are the safest in the world. When you buy 'em through the Payroll Plan, they mount up fast. And in just 10 years, they pay you \$4 back for every \$3 you put in. They'll come in mighty, mighty handy when the time comes to send your kids to college, to buy a house, or to weather a rainy day.

So isn't it just plain common sense to buy every U. S. Savings Bond you can possibly afford? You bet it is!

P. S. You can buy U. S. Savings Bonds at any bank or post office, as well as at your place of business.



SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation
with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*



Gadget & Gimmick Department

BY W. C. BIXBY



IT WAS stated somewhere not long ago that the American Public prefers to have advertising in the magazines it reads. The writer of this statement (his name escapes me) expressed amazement at this discovery. I am afraid that neither he nor the demanding public has got to the root of the matter and asked themselves just why people demand advertising. Probably many would say that they like the colors, the obvious perfection of scenes portrayed in ads. But the real heart of the problem (assuming it is a problem) is the fact that the world as visualized and shown by ads is the never-never land for which, presumably, we are all looking. If a football game is portrayed, the sky is clear, the bleacher seats are freshly painted, there are no scraps of paper littering the steps and, above all, the girl is breathlessly pretty. If a dinner table is shown, the service is faultless, the linen immaculate and the roast is done to a golden turn. Truly this is never-never land. But if we ever got there I fear it would be a flat, dull, unpalatable existence. At any rate, here's to advertising. Note: The gadgets are listed below.



HERE'S the idea of the year. Instead of buying a television set which costs much too much, what with present prices and all, you can now have one in your home, free for nothing, and operate it like a juke box or an old gas meter. This really brilliant service will give television the boost it couldn't seem to give itself. The set, a nice table model with 5 or 7-inch viewing tube, costs you

nothing while it sits in the home. If there is a program you want to see, just drop fifty cents in a slot and you can see a half-hour show. There is no antenna installation charge; you have full maintenance and insurance, plus the installation of any added improvements resulting from research. What more do you want? Oh yes, the customer can choose the cabinet finish he wants to go with the room. The service may also offer a monthly rental service, but that isn't definite yet. Sounds like the answer to television's prayer.



IF YOU became involved with a Victory Garden, during the war, and are imbued with a desire to be a farmer, here's a gimmick for you. If your little plot of good earth has caused you backache and increased fingernail upkeep, you may want this lightweight garden tractor that seems to do everything but eat the produce of a garden. The machine trundles about powered by a small motor and has various attachments which can be utilized at the correct time. You can use this tractor as a lawnmower, or use the attachments for cultivating and doodling in the garden, or attach a sickle bar to sickle with. They are even proposing a snowplow attachment to clear driveways—walks and all. And all this is accomplished by what the makers call "Fingertip Control". What with such mechanization you may even be able to cultivate the whole vacant lot next door and show a profit on your garden at the end of the year. It is a gadget worth seeing.

MANY people have invented things to make the consumption of highballs and cocktails easier. Heaven knows why they think it must be made easier, but they do. Trays, canapes, trick glasses, ice-cube makers of remarkable speed and many others have crossed our startled gaze at one time and another, but one of the handiest gadgets I have seen yet is a small cylinder which looks quite harmless until you inspect it closely. One end of the cylinder is indented to form a jigger for the measurement of the poison. The other end possesses a bottle opener which remains modestly in its indented place and that same end is made of dural and is weighted so you can bang ice cubes with it. This weighted end also serves as a solid base so you can place it on end and feel sure it will stay. It is a simple but handy thing and I dare say Frank Lloyd Wright will have to admit its use is functional through and through. You can get the article in colors of scarlet, ebony black or ivory. Where you get the scotch is your own business.



HAVE you ever stalked into a house, wearing all your dignity, only to hit a scatter rug and scatter? Many people have. Not only have many people scattered, but lots of them have lain abed for weeks with wrenched backs, misplaced vertebrae and broken limbs as a result of their fall. It is true that while the falling is going on it provides amusement for the onlookers but that is not sufficient reason to do it over again as an encore. There is a scatter-rug holder you can get now which has

the ability to hold a small rug in place on a polished floor. You can get a quantity and cut it to fit whatever odd-shape scatter rugs your wife has dropped casually about the house. Another plus for this holder is that when placed under a thin rug it gives added thickness for a feeling of luxury. For people who are determined to fall down, the added thickness would make a safer place to land and make their act less dangerous withal.

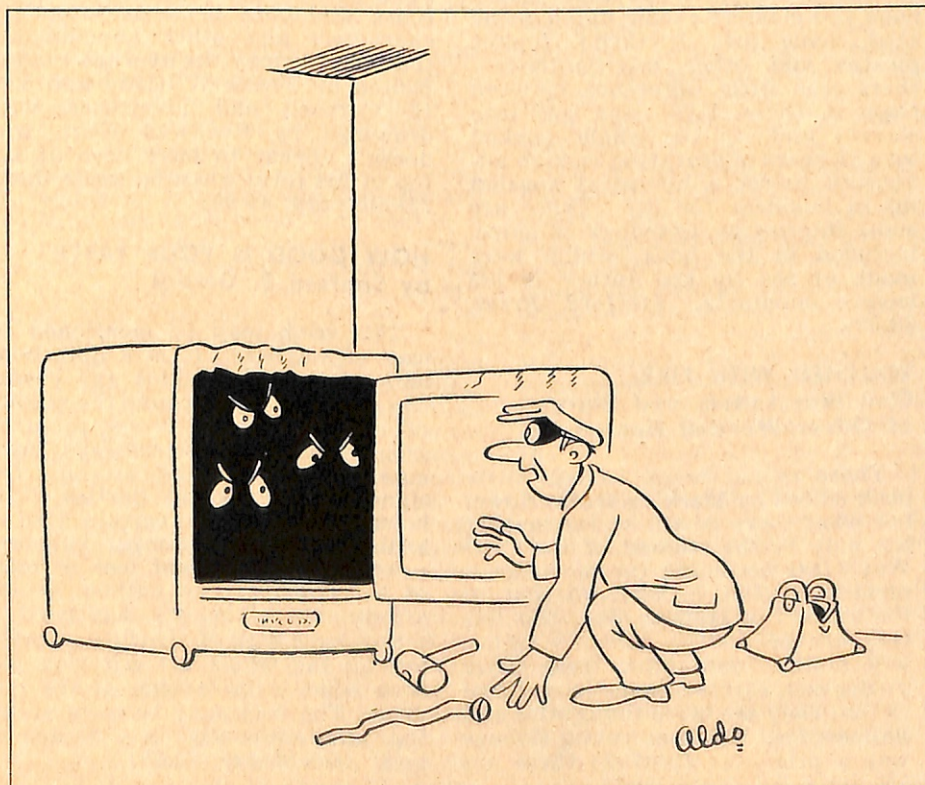


THE Stronghearts gave a party but nobody ever showed up. Mr. and Mrs. Strongheart sat dejectedly surrounded by the little Stronghearts, who wondered why their parents were unhappy. The reason no one showed up was mechanical, not social. Strongheart himself was pretty well liked around the office, his wife was attractive and had a faint but stunning mustache, so you can see the reason was not social. As I said, it was mechanical and a little meteorological, too. It was raining that night. Strongheart turned on the porch light, which was encrusted with dust, and it shone but dimly

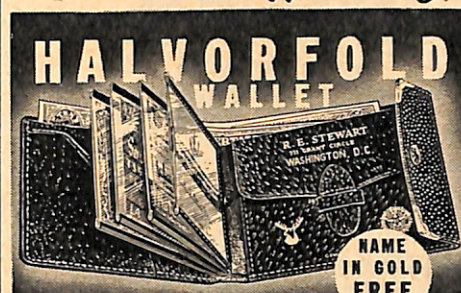
through the driving torrent. His house number was on the top step to his porch and no one could see it. Now if he'd had the new luminous house numbers, which everyone can see at night, he might have had a nice party. These new numbers are not electrically wired—or anything. You can tack them up like any other house numbers. They are weather-proof and are made of tough, ivory-colored plastic. The trick seems to be that they absorb sunlight during the daytime and emit a phosphorus-like glow after dark. The whole thing is plain to see.



CHEERFUL Note Division: A company has developed a wonderful paper bag which will not rustle. Local movie theatres will now be quieter, except for the steady crunch of peanut-brittle being consumed. At least the paper won't rattle the way it used to. And just in case Junior wants to blow up an empty bag and pop it, he will be thwarted. The glue on the bags will give way before it can be inflated. There is a brighter day ahead.



NOW FROM FLORIDA *the Handsome*



Lifetime Service Guarantee!

YOUR 1947 HALVORFOLD Pass-Case, Bill-Fold, Card Case IS HERE! Millions of America's Fraternal, Business, Professional and Trades Men use this most popular of all wallets. Handcrafted from the finest "Flora-Tan" Brown Pigskin. New "bulge-free" construction allows you to carry the biggest "wad" of bills without crowding.

SPECIFICATIONS: Pockets for currency, checks, etc., secret pocket for large bills, and handy card, coin and ticket pockets. Sterling-silver gold-plated corners and button fastener. Closes compactly to 3 1/2" x 4 1/2". Last but not least, ingenious loose-leaf 8-pass section which permits renewals without loss of wallet. (Add 25c for 12-pass capacity, 50c for 16-pass.) Beware of imitations... there is only one HALVORFOLD with LIFETIME SERVICE GUARANTEE. Ask the man who has one and GET YOURS TODAY.

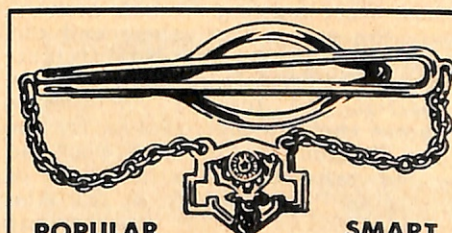
SPECIAL OFFER TO ELKS

In addition to engraving your name in 23K Gold, we will, for a limited time, add your Lodge or Club Emblem and your monogram FREE. This engraving alone is worth \$1.50 extra. Additional lines such as addresses are 25c each. Secretaries and Business Houses... write for quantity prices.

QUANTITY LIMITED! Clip this ad now—Today—"PRINT" on margin the name you wish engraved, enclose money-order or check for early delivery of this most acceptable of all gifts for Dad, Brother or Sweetheart... He'll say THANK YOU and mean it. If not 100% satisfied, we insist on returning your money... this is the basis for 40 YEARS OF HALVORFOLD SUCCESS.

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HARRY DOEHLA CO., Dept. B2, Fitchburg, Mass.

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 7)

The author tells his story with humor and an admirable directness; he doesn't shy at relating incidents of heroism and ingenuity that redound to his own credit; at the same time he is engagingly frank about his own shortcomings and lapses of judgment. Though he had the devil's own time with the British at Massawa, he also ran into bungling, incompetence and intrigue on the part of American contractors there. The score comes out about 50-50.

In some ways the book reminds one of "Toilers of the Sea"—Victor Hugo's massive novel of a lone man's struggle against a machine. In Commander Ellsberg's story, however, the difficulties that faced Hugo's Gilliat were increased a thousandfold. Every last machine shop in Massawa had been gleefully smashed by the Fascisti before they had to pull out of the town—anything left lying around loose had been pilfered by the natives long before the author arrived. Sixteen sizable ships had been blasted to the bottom of the harbor, making it inaccessible to traffic; two floating docks and an invaluable crane had also been sunk. Nevertheless, in a few months after Commander Ellsberg's arrival, the machine shops were humming, dry-docks were serving British men-of-war, the crane was raised and put to work and Italian and Nazi freighters were raised from their graves, repaired and readied for service against their former owners. By the time Rommel's Afrika Korps had turned tail under the lashings of Montgomery's artillery at El Alamein, Massawa Harbor was working full time for the Allies, and Commander Ellsberg, his job done, was called to other theaters where there was more serious trouble-shooting to be done.

It is very likely the Commander has more stories yet to tell about this war. It is hard to imagine, however, that any of them will be more inspiring or more adventurous than "Under the Red Sea Sun". (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50)

A TREASURY OF LAUGHTER

Edited by Louis Untermeyer

This anthology is something of a grab-bag and catch-all. It contains stories, humorous essays, hundreds of jokes (some of them excruciating—and not excruciatingly funny, either) boners and poems. Many of the entries are old and new favorites by such authors as Oliver Wendell Holmes (Sr.), James Thurber, Robert Benchley, Ring Lardner and George Ade. Many other inclusions are by writers (some of them from the last century) you've probably never heard of; you'll see why after reading a few of them. Still, there's

material here to make you laugh; how much, depends on how easily pleased you are. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95)

GOOD SHOT!

by Bob, Dan and Ray Holland

A family collaboration, resulting in an unusually handsome album of hunting and fishing pictures, with a running text. The outdoor scenes, which range from Kentucky's Green River to north of Nome, Alaska, and include superb shots of moose, whale, deer, ducks, trout and salmon, mostly in action, were taken by Bob and Dan Holland (the latter is the bi-monthly author of our column, "Rod and Gun"). The text, which is just enough to explain the pictures and is infectiously enthusiastic, was written by Ray Holland, the father, a veteran sportsman who was editor of *Field and Stream* for many years. (Knopf, \$6.00)

ADVENTURES BY SEA OF EDWARD COXERE

Edited by E. H. W. Meyerstein

An out-of-the-way little item that should appeal to any lover of ships and the sea. The manuscript of this book was written by an English merchant sailor who followed his precarious trade in the 17th Century; it has been rendered into more or less modern English (keeping as much as possible of the original flavor) and is now printed for the first time. Coxere (pronounced Coxery) went to sea as a boy, served under many flags and masters (some harsh, some kind, some just drunken), fought pirates and other merchantmen—there was little difference between them in those days—was sold into slavery and, on the whole, packed into 37 years of seafaring enough adventure to set a historical novelist up in business for life. There are some interesting drawings of ships, included in the book, which were made at sea by the author in his leisure moments. (Oxford Press, \$2.50)

TOUCHED WITH FIRE:

Civil War Letters and Diary
of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

There is not much to this little book edited by Mark de Wolfe Howe, but what there is will be fascinating not only to the student of the Civil War (fast becoming the most documented conflict in history), but to the student of Holmes also. The letters are all to the author's father and mother and differ from other young men's letters home in wartime in that they are more thoughtful and philosophic. Not that young Holmes was a prig—far from it; there are

plenty of evidences here of earthiness and youthful enthusiasm. The book is illustrated by some pictures of the young officer in uniform, as well as by drawings and maps he made during his three-year campaigning. (Harvard University Press, \$3.00)

NELSON

by Carola Oman

A fat—perhaps too fat—biography of the hero of Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar. Miss Oman has gone deeply into her subject's background, his loves and his battles, but somewhere along the way she has lost Nelson. Lady Hamilton, Lady Nelson and others are well-realized, but the Admiral, for all the spate of words devoted to him, never quite takes form and substance. The discussions of the great battles are extremely well done, and there are many interesting illustrations, some of which are published for the first time. (Doubleday, \$5.00)

SHAKESPEARE ARRANGED FOR MODERN READING

All of the plays, re-worked in such fashion as to make them readable and dramatically coherent—and a good job too. Although this is the kind of thing that invariably makes professors of English and the more ardent Shakespeare lovers hit the ceiling, it's hard to see why there should be strenuous objection to a book which, preserving the great poetic moments of the plays, clears away unnecessary stage business, obscure dialogues between secondary characters and other impedimenta that only dismay the average reader. Edited by Frank W. Cody and Van H. Cartnell and illustrated with drawings by Rockwell Kent, who doesn't appear to have been at the top of his form when he made them. (Doubleday, \$5.00)

HOW GOOD IS YOUR TASTE

by Sanford E. Gerard

This book may be mentioned by way of warning. It is a quiz book with pictures by which the reader can supposedly determine the quality of his taste in furniture, pictures, architecture, window displays, haircuts, bric-a-brac and so on. Designed to be used at parties, it is bound to appeal to a certain kind of hostess for entertainment purposes—with the subsequent loss of most of her friends. The author, an ex-art director of Macy's, has tried to set up some kind of absolute of taste, but on the whole his criterion has been what is in fashion at the moment. The book may be quite amusing, unintentionally, in a decade or two. (Doubleday, \$3.00)

IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Doctor Faust discusses some little
known dogs of the Far North**

IT'S not my intention to bestow bouquets on the residents of such places as Florida and Southern California for the good sense they show in living there. They don't need my humble praise. They've got the climate.

Right now I think I could outdo any of my previous literary efforts if someone gave me a job writing a resort folder for any locality south of the Mason-Dixon Line. I say that because as I write this at home, which we lovingly call Rent-Racked Villa, my little room is as cold as a mother-in-law's kiss—well, I mean some mothers-in-law. But is the rest of the house cold? Not by Mr. G. D. Fahrenheit's say-so. And where do you think the heat has gone? It departed in the direction of my little helpmate who claims that women need more heat than men do. This warrants scientific research. I'll look into it tomorrow. For a person who regards one snowflake as making a winter, this is particularly painful but, then, that's a gal for you—never satisfied unless they get 101 per cent of the breaks. Why, even in such matters as our songs you'll find a thousand about Rosie O'Grady, Sweet Adeline, Mother o'Mine—but how many, I ask you, do you meet that have Homo Slob as the hero? Darned few, and the only two I can think of are "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" and "Everybody Works in My House but My Old Man". There you have it.

In both cases the guys are bums—the one a sousé; the other a loafer. There ought to be a law.

But getting back to this business of winter and how the cold affects me—and who cares?—leads me to the subject of dogs of the North, and there is no need to point out that in my present frame of mind I can do the subject up brown.

So pull up your chair to your nice, cozy radiator and listen.

Out of the howling wastes of the Far North, with its frozen days and somber nights, seven powerfully-built, heavily-coated dogs have come to us. They are the Norwegian elkhound, the Eskimo, the Samoyed, the Alaskan Malamute, the Siberian Husky and the chow chow. There's still another dog of mixed breed sometimes referred to as the Husky and also called the siwash. All of these purps, with the exception of the chow chow and the Norwegian elkhound, are officially classed, by the American Kennel Club which has recognized them, as working dogs. Since they are classified in the working dog group, the dogs of the Far North compete at the shows with collies, St. Bernards, Great Pyrenees, puliks, Newfoundlands and other rugged types bred for a purpose. The basic job of serving man is an instinct with the working dogs and they are noted for their intelligence and endurance.

The chow chow, for some obscure reason, is relegated to the non-sport-

"Wash" Your Dog With Quadine

Just spray lightly then brush his coat clean. Easy, quick, safe—gives hair lustrous sheen. Instantly kills fleas, ticks, lice, controls ear and sarcoptic mange, ringworm, fungus infections, dog odor.



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ing group, although he's one of the toughest canine citizens. The elkhound, of course, is catalogued among the hounds.

Distantly related to these Arctic breeds is the spitz, the keeshond and—surprise!—no less a little fellow than that midget, the Pomeranian, which, largely because of its size, no doubt, is tabbed by the Kennel Club as a toy dog. I may add that, although he is a toy, he possesses almost all the characteristics of his larger cousins.

A peculiarity of these dogs of snows is that they more often howl than bark. Perhaps this is due to a strong, remote infusion of wolf blood. But anyway, they do howl.

It's anybody's guess as to whether man could penetrate and live within the Arctic Circle were it not for these dogs. They're capable of tremendous endurance, able to travel hundreds of miles in the bitter cold and through lashing snows. And, to repeat, they're mighty powerful, often pulling tremendous loads on such treks. They are the freight and passenger trains of the Far North.

Another peculiarity they have is facial resemblance. All have wide skulls; widely set, erect ears, and long muzzles, and all wear an odd, squinting expression. It's the Faust guess that the last was handed down as an ancestral gift, the dogs having lived where, when the sun did shine, its effect was blinding, thus inducing a squint. Too, they all carry their tails over their backs. Here again is an ancestral heritage. Being heavily furred, the tails of these dogs would quickly get caked with snow and ice and the purp, thus weighed down, would have little chance to hunt his food. Only those that learned to carry their tails high survived. Bear in mind that there's a whale of a difference in the amount of game in the Far North and other regions of this Footstool. Food up there is as scarce as whiskey at a camp meeting. This has had a lot to do with the disposition of the Arctic dog who isn't known for his sweet temper. Where these dogs hang out, food often means fighting—with each other and sometimes even with their masters. I refer to the dogs still living in the North and not to the descendants of their common ancestors that have become house pets in more temperate climates.

There's another good reason for their bushy tails. On sled journeys across the snows and ice packs at forty below, their only boudoir is the great outdoors. Few Eskimos, or any other dog-runners, would think of taking the animals under shelter with them. The dogs are left to sleep outdoors and they can do it, having developed such heavy coats. Here the tail plays a useful part. When bedded down for the night the dogs almost crawl under their tails, which serve as a thick, furry blanket. The dog digs well into the snow and, should it snow again during the night, you'd wonder what happened to the dog-team in the morning.

There wouldn't be a purp in sight until the dogs began to dig their way out of the drifts.

In their native places their appetites are enormous and ferocious; they've been known to eat their own harness and old, discarded leather clothing. Like dogs used for war, they can travel where all other means of communication are impossible.

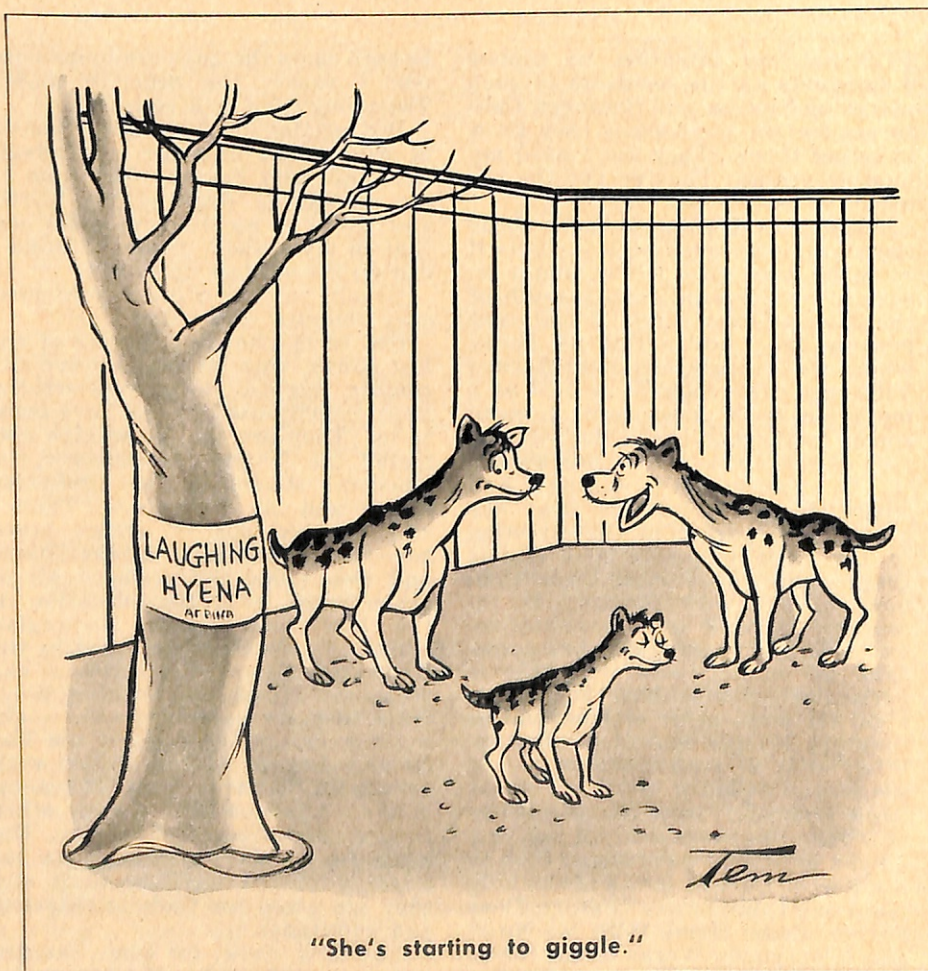
Barring the chow and the spitz, you're not likely to see many of these pooches outside of a dog show. As breeds go, they have little social acceptance and here a cause becomes an effect. Since they are so little known they've had few chances to demonstrate their good points to the public. Many breeders won't bother with them because of their comparative lack of acceptance by that same public. The chow chow did enjoy a degree of popularity and still does, because the folks who got behind the breed gave it plenty of publicity.

The spitz, because for a long time he was taboo as a member of the elite of dogdom, got himself around due to that non-recognition which often results in low purchase prices. Incidentally, for a long time a chow held the world's record for price—one Choonam Brilliantine, an English-bred purp for whom a manufacturer of American vacuum cleaners paid the tidy sum of \$10,000. But this record has since been raised by many simoleons. I've been told that a magnificent black cocker spaniel, winner of Best in Show

awards at many of the largest recent shows, was bought a few years ago for \$25,000. I have no reason to doubt this, but, as far as I know, this was a transaction between the estate of the dog's late owner and a private breeder. Sometimes some people see double. The chow's price, however, must have been stated on the importer's customs declaration, thus becoming a matter of record.

Perhaps you don't go to those canine blow-outs, the dog shows, and are satisfied to stay home with your own beloved, plebeian pooch; but maybe you'd like to know some of the points of those Arctic dogs seldom seen outside of show circles.

The Norwegian elkhound is the dog that was companion to the Vikings and is one of the oldest breeds known. Proof of this was found in the skeleton of a dog very much resembling the elkhound, discovered in Viste Cave at Jaern, Norway, among stone implements and weapons in stratum estimated to date back to 4000 or 5000 B.C. The elkhound was used in Norway to hunt bear until those tough scrappers became practically extinct. To-day he's used there to hunt elk, as his name indicates. Over here, Secretaries hunt them for lodge meetings. (It's a good thing Faust, that distance protects you.) It's a long-lived breed and for running down elk the hunters like a rather small dog, as the heavier one is not a very good distance runner. He's one of the



"She's starting to giggle."

most gentle, even-dispositioned of all the Arctic dogs. His color is gray with black tips on the long outer hairs and he's a lighter shade on the chest, stomach, legs and underside of the tail. He stands eighteen to twenty inches high at the shoulder and weighs from 43 to 50 pounds.

If you prefer a tough, powerful, compact dog, then take the Eskimo—perhaps the strongest dog of his size. He's said to hail from Siberia and he's had to be tough to survive in the worst climate on earth, where food is scarce. He's been the explorer's favorite as a sled dog and in summer has been used as a pack animal because of his ability to carry loads out of all proportion to his size. Sometimes he's used to pull boats along the shore. As a hunter, he's said to be a honey. I may add that both Peary and Amundsen valued these dogs highly and, personally, this writer can't see how either could have succeeded in his discoveries and explorations without his Eskimo dogs to transport his party and supplies to the Poles. At least both of these heroes gave their dogs full credit. The animals are usually badly treated by their native masters, and are underfed and frequently overworked. Your Eskimo (human variety) isn't noted for kindness to animals and, like many other savages, is supremely indifferent to their suffering. These dogs, however, not only can stand terrific cold, but their coats are so dense that they can endure heavy rain without much discomfort.

A peculiarity of the breed is the flattened, splayed feet with thick hair between the pads. This no doubt is a development resulting from the necessity of travel over heavy snow. It is said that they can travel longer distances pulling heavier loads on less food than almost any other animal and certainly any other dog. As an all-rounder, few dogs are better; they are not only used for transportation of freight and people, but are excellent and keen hunters and utterly fearless when attacking that most ferocious of all his kind, the Polar bear. Height for the Eskimo dog varies from twenty to twenty-five inches at the shoulder, which is where all dogs are measured for height. Weight runs from 50 to 85 pounds, there being that much difference between male and female. You'll find him in every color known to dogs, from solid white to pure black and even parti-colored.

Several breeds of dogs have been named for individual human beings, but here's a breed that got its handle from a race of people, or, rather, a tribe. It's the Samoyed and when you pronounce the name it's important—to whom, I don't know—to accent the last syllable. They are a people who live in Siberia along the shores of the Arctic Ocean and their specialty is reindeer-herding in which their dogs play a large part. More than this, these dogs are eaten, their skin tanned into leather and their hair woven into cloth. Of all dogs

today, the Samoyed, or Sammy, as he's known among dog folks, is the nearest to the primitive dog. The stalwarts among the explorers who have used these purps have been Nansen, Scott, Shackleton, Fiala and—well, the list is a long one, but none of these men had anything but the highest praise for the dog's performance under the most severe conditions. So resourceful are these animals, and of such endurance, that those which have occasionally been abandoned of necessity by their owners in the barren solitudes of the Arctic have been able to survive on their own, and even to multiply. Breeders claim that these dogs have no doggy odor. Their color is either pure white, white and biscuit, or cream. Weight is from 36 to 55 pounds.

The next member of the Arctic family is the Alaskan Malamute, a dog that weighs from 50 to 85 pounds and is either gray or black and white. He is another who got his name from a people, the Mahlemuts, a tribe that settled in the western part of Alaska. If you are dying to know, the word Alaska is derived from the Russian Alyeska, meaning "Vast Country". These dogs hold many sled-racing records and were used by Admiral Byrd on his Arctic expeditions. Some claim there is wolf ancestry in the breed, but that is disputed by others who breed them. At any rate, true to Arctic origin, they are powerful, sturdy dogs that can not only pull heavy loads but are no slouches as hunters. The color is wolfish gray or black and white.

Another dog that has no B.O. is the Siberian Husky, a dog that is usually gray, tan or parti-colored, although he'll come in every other color known to dogs. Weight is 35 to 60 pounds. He's used principally for sled work. This dog, like most of the Arctic tribe, is usually a bit reserved, but is intensely devoted to his master.

Last in the line-up is our friend the chow chow. As are many other importations from China, this breed is very old; possibly 2,000 years are in back of it in that country. He's the only dog possessing a black mouth and tongue, so if someone tells you your chow isn't a thoroughbred because of this, you can answer that this is the surest indication that he is.

The Chinese also use the chow as a sled dog, as a herder and for food. The coat of this dog is profuse but there is a short-haired variety rarely seen either in Europe or America. Chows are not quarrelsome, but they are not over-friendly and are quick to resent familiarity on the part of strangers. They are not given to useless barking but when a chow does sound off, his master had better take a look-see. Since this is the only dog of the North that is at all fairly well known, I hardly need to describe him further, other than to say that he's seen in nearly all usual solid colors and almost any size is permissible by the dog-show people.



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Doctor, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 15)

ify his lawyer, his carpenter, his plumber and his vacation periods, if any, and it is likely that there may be few if any leisure hours for the worker if governmental groups can raid his pay check and abstract this or that percentage for this or that purpose. One can foresee, in the present security trends, a people devoid of independence, lacking in initiative and facing to Washington for religious direction and reading government newspapers and listening to government radio programs! Some of our social workers and economists have forgotten that the only worthwhile charity is the charity which makes men and women independent. Creation of dependency in America was never intended when it was written "that all men are created equal". America was born to be the land of opportunity and not the land of dependency! When I speak against the control of medicine by the government I am not thinking of medicine alone but of the sons and daughters of "the free and brave" who are entitled to opportunity and not economic or political slavery.

Second: The great objection to socialized or political medicine as proposed by President Truman and Mr. Wagner, Mr. Murray and Mr. Dingell is the fact that such a program will take from the American people the best medical care in the world and give them in return a type of medical service which is third rate by comparison. There can be no argument against the statement that government control will definitely lower the quality of medical care now available to the American people. In addition, the medical care under federal control will be costly! The most conservative mathematicians estimate the bill at not less than four billions of dollars a year. There are many who feel that the cost will far exceed this estimate. It is safe to say that whatever payroll deduction is made, four per cent from employer and four per cent from employee, will be doubled or trebled as the list of government employees, who boss the doctor and the patient, grows from an estimated three hundred thousand to a much larger number. Beyond all question of doubt the army of social workers and investigators under the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service will in terms of employees and man-power outgrow the peacetime Army and Navy of the United States.

Much has been alleged by the proponents of socialized or political medicine to support their argument for this type of legislation but nothing has been proven!

Much has been said regarding medical neglect. In thirty years of surgical practice I have never encountered a person who suffered for

lack of medical care except in a few instances where medical care was not sought or desired. There are very few places in this great country of ours where medical care is unavailable. Only a small percentage of our people live more than thirty miles from a recognized hospital! Furthermore, the hospitals and physicians can never be accused of denying medical care to the indigent or the low-income group. The medical profession has brought into being the great charity institutions of our country, magnificent hospitals where the best in medicine and surgery awaits the poor and those who cannot pay a fee. Every hospital in the country is at this very moment caring for people who are charity patients or part-pay patients and the doctors treat them and operate upon them because there is a joy in service and a spiritual stimulation in doing good for others. Many millions of dollars are contributed each year by physicians to patients who cannot pay for the services rendered. Pre-

sumably these millions would be returned to the medical profession under a federal program. There should be no charity patients if the government becomes the physician of the people, although the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill does not so specify.

The Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill guarantees nothing to the indigent! Those who can pay are to be cared for despite statements to the contrary by the sponsors of the bill. The government accepts a fee on a brokerage basis and proposes to return certain services. It should be remembered that the government has never given anything to anyone and that all government business endeavors have been exceedingly costly to the tax-payer. Regardless of the three hundred and sixty-five or more millions which should be returned to medical men each year for the care of the indigent, such a program and the eight-hour day and five-day week which should go into effect, we in medicine would rather be free.



"Any luck, dear."

We wish to keep America a free country!

Selective Service statistics have been frequently cited as a reason for a government health program. Senator Pepper's interim report points out that 4,217,000 were disqualified for service in the Armed Forces. It is not pointed out, however, that 444,800 were disqualified because of total blindness, deafness, deaf mutism and that some were armless or legless. Nor is it stressed that 701,700 were rejected for mental diseases or that 582,100 were refused a uniform because of mental deficiency—the idiots, the imbeciles, the morons; 320,000 were rejected because of club feet, paralysis and congenital deformities. Medicine, as it is now practiced in this or any other country or under any conceivable plan, could not change these figures or better the lot of these 2,048,600 unfortunate people. An additional 280,000 were rejected for syphilis, despite the fact that treatment for this disease is offered free by Public Health authorities in every state and county in the country. One wonders if a little religion and observance of the moral law might not be in order. Certainly political medicine is not the answer. As many as 220,000 were rejected for hernia, a congenital defect easily curable by surgery, but not preventable. Many refuse surgical intervention because of fear, religious belief and other reasons, and among these reasons during the war was fear of induction. Surgery for hernia can be obtained in hundreds of hospitals, without cost to the poor and for a small fee for those who can afford it. At least 160,000 were rejected because of eye trouble, largely congenital and not caused by lack of medical care. Thus an additional 660,000 or a total of 2,708,600 are eliminated from the original figure of 4,217,000, leaving 1,508,400. In my opinion this balance of prospective service men and women was not denied service because of lack of medical care but rather because physical requirements of the United States Armed Forces were the highest in the world and in all probability these people would have been doing front-line duty had they been citizens of any other country. Likewise it is fair to say that a large proportion of the remaining number would have been fit for service if their standards of living had been higher and health education available. Actual lack of medical care is a small factor. America is the healthiest country in the world.

It is interesting to note that in England, where socialized medicine has existed for some years and where Army physical requirements are much lower than those in America, the rejection rate was fifty per cent as compared to thirty-eight per cent in America. It is also interesting to note that the death rate in England and Germany, under compulsory health insurance, is higher than in America. The proponents of compulsory health insurance do

not point out that in pre-war Germany the government-insured people had a sickness expectancy of 200 per cent as compared to 20 per cent in our country. Nor are we told that in countries where compulsory health insurance is in existence the total number of days which an individual is sick doubles the average number of days that an individual is sick in the United States.

A recent study made by investigators who visited thousands of doctors revealed that more than ninety per cent have no favor for compulsory health insurance. Doctors feel that the enactment of compulsory health legislation would undermine and destroy our system of medicine and medical education. It would make the Surgeon General the dictator over all doctors, hospitals and patients. The Surgeon General could specify who is and who is not a specialist. He could tell a doctor how many people he could serve and which hospitals would be entitled to participate. Catholic, Jewish and Protestant hospitals, intimately associated with certain religious principles, might find it necessary to modify their practice to meet the dictates of government agencies.

American Medicine is meeting the challenge. Blue Cross Hospital plans now insure more than 23,000,000 people. Through industry and private insurance companies 40,000,000 people are protected, in whole or in part, against accident and illness. Several million are covered by voluntary prepayment sickness insurance. Such voluntary plans are now active in all but two states and it is expected that similar plans will be in operation in all states shortly. It is the aim and purpose of the Council on Medical Service of the American Medical Association to have such plans in all states in the very near future. There would seem to be not the slightest need for building another great government bureau to over-burden the tax-payer further and eventually lead us into state socialism or communism.

Despite the claims of Mr. Wagner and his associates, voluntary prepayment plans are giving and will give better service at less cost than any form of compulsion. Subscribers to voluntary plans have increased as much as 365 per cent in some cases. Old-line insurance companies are making plans to cover greater numbers of the urban and rural populations. Compulsion is un-American and undemocratic. With a staggering national debt and an enormous government payroll and with an ever-growing federal personnel the taking over of the Blue Cross and this country's great voluntary hospital system, as well as the doctors, nurses and dentists, would in all probability be the blow capable of breaking the morale of the American tax-payer.

American doctors have indorsed such proposed legislation as the Hill-Burton Bill and favor other progressive legislation and appropriations which give to the American people

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more hospitals and health centers and which will extend and improve medical research and education. We favor federal aid to states where need is demonstrated but we are unalterably opposed to regimentation of medicine, dentistry, labor or any other group, by the federal government.

Much of our illness is not dependent on medical science but on the need for higher standards of living extended to a greater number of people. Nutrition, housing, clothing and recreation are as essential to health as good medicine and no amount of political or socialized medicine will counteract the lack of these essentials.

THE American medical profession has adopted a ten-point program which I present herewith because we should all remember that medical care and health are not synonymous and that better health in America can be gained not by government medicine but through other channels. It should also be stressed that Mr. Wagner's bill cannot and will not affect the distribution of doctors, dentists and nurses. America is a free country. The proponents of political medicine will never be able to convince the medical men of America that government medicine is not socialized medicine.

Free choice of physician or hospital under the proposed legislation is dependent upon the physicians and hospitals who would care to participate in this compulsory legislation.

MEDICINE'S NATIONAL HEALTH PROGRAM

1. Minimum standards of nutrition, housing, clothing and recreation are fundamental to good health.

2. Preventive medical services should be available to all and should be rendered through professionally competent health departments. Medical care to those unable to provide for themselves should be administered by local and private agencies with the aid of public funds when needed, preferably by a physician of the patient's choice.

3. Adequate prenatal and maternity care should be made available to all mothers. Public funds when needed should be administered by local and private agencies.

4. Every child should have proper attention, including scientific nutrition, immunization and other services included in infant welfare. Such services are best supplied by personal contact between the mother and the individual physician but may be provided through child health

centers administered locally with support by tax funds whenever the need can be shown.

5. Health and diagnostic centers and hospitals necessary to community needs are preferably supplied by local agencies. When such facilities are unavailable, aid may be provided by federal funds under a plan similar to the provisions of the Hill-Burton Bill.

6. Voluntary health insurance for hospitalization and medical care is approved, the principles of such insurance plans to be acceptable to the Council on Medical Service and to authoritative bodies of state medical associations.

7. Medical care for service-connected disabilities, including hospitalization, to all veterans should be provided preferably by a physician of the veteran's choice, with payment through a plan agreed on between the state medical association and the Veterans' Administration.

8. Research for the advancement of medical science, including a National Science Foundation, is endorsed.

9. Services rendered by volunteer philanthropic health agencies should be encouraged.

10. Widespread education in the field of health, and the widest possible dissemination of information regarding the prevention of disease and its treatment, are necessary functions of all departments of public health, medical associations and school authorities.

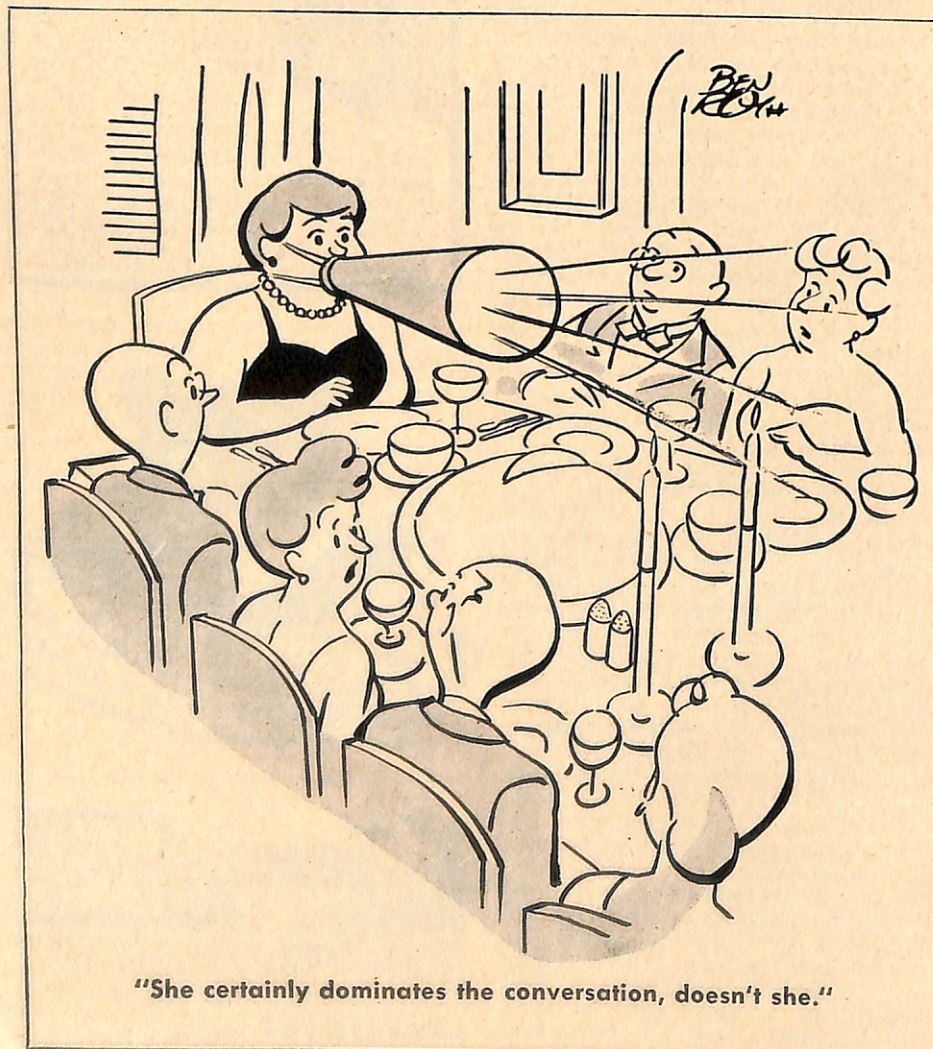
THE doctor, as the priest or minister, has a sacred duty to perform. No government agent, in a Democracy, has any right to share the privileged communications which are tendered the physician of the soul or the physician of the body.

Sixty thousand doctors volunteered their services in World War II and sixty thousand carried the burden night and day on the home front. Nine million young Americans entered the Armed Services and fought and many died for individual rights and freedom. We must not now, in false zeal, give away the very things they fought and died for! Let us keep America free!

Let us give to all equal opportunity and under no circumstances permit independence to be replaced by dependence. Let us stand forever opposed to false altruism which would weld, from a promised security, chains to shackle forever the people of America.

May the Supreme Deity bless the poet who wrote the verse which often has been referred to as the GI's litany:

"God of the hidden purpose
Let our embarking be
The prayer of proud men asking
Not to be safe, but free."



"She certainly dominates the conversation, doesn't she."

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 1)

A new factor has entered the picture--the hydrogenion process for extracting sugar, which is so efficient that virtually all the sugars are extracted--and only a fraction of the former syrups remain. This new process already is being used extensively in the beet sugar refineries and beet sugars have always been used in this country for commercial yeast production. Cut off from much of their normal supply, the commercial yeast industry has become another mouth for the already-pressed, 'cane-sugar-molasses industry to feed.



To meet the shortage, the government has contracted to purchase 165,000,000 gallons of molasses from Cuba in 1947, an increase of 65,000,000 gallons over the figure for 1946. It has contracted to purchase 20,000,000 gallons of Cuban alcohol as well. The latter will be shipped at the rate of 2,500,000 gallons a month. But the molasses deliveries will not begin until March.

Meanwhile the government will dole out the last 5,000,000 gallons of its alcohol stockpile. This, however, will not be sufficient to meet the need for industrial alcohol in this country and, as a result, the grain alcohol producers, including the three Baruch-plan plants, are receiving orders from the molasses alcohol producers for industrial alcohol made from grain. They are now producing beverage alcohol to the extent of the corn which the Department of Agriculture will allow them. For the production of industrial alcohol, so badly-needed by a hundred industries, the Department is expected to be more liberal in its allocations.



Official Washington is now chuckling up its sleeve about its newest House of Cards--the National Housing Agency. Since President Truman sent his Housing Expediter Wyatt packing and drew the blood from the veins of his former organization by revoking the most effective controls, employees of the agency have been knocking about the vast Social Security Building wondering who will find something for them to do. Those who know their politics are inclined to credit the President with a smart political play. The homeless veterans still have their agency to read about while those who wanted the controls revoked are satisfied too. Thus Mr. Truman killed the two birds with the one stone. The question is whether they'll both stay killed.

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The Tin-Eared Hero

(Continued from page 6)

didn't talk, then he picked up the clipping and read it. He tossed it back on the bed. "What's eating you?" he asked. "This is just another fight. If you had that busted rib, Barret wouldn't hesitate to let you have it."

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't," Larry said. "He was hit, hit bad, he could have lain there. Nobody made him crawl up that hill and knock out the machine gun. That took guts, and it takes guts to enter the ring with a bum rib. You always find the guys with real guts are pretty good Joes."

Gruppo blew a cloud of smoke between them and said coldly, "Don't pull nothing in this fight, Larry. I got a couple of grand riding on you at juicy odds. Been thinking about laying off that rib, haven't you?"

"Maybe."

"This is straight goods—you go soft and don't try in there, you're done . . . done in a lot of ways."

Larry sat up. "You been seeing too many bad movies, Gruppo," he said easily. "That gangster stuff is out of date. They don't rub out guys anymore."

"You don't have to use a gun to fix a guy. You know me, I don't forget things like that—ever. I might even give you trouble if you ever open that garage-fires starting up now and then, acid thrown on the cars."

"We're having a wonderful talk,"

Larry said, "like a couple of pals!"

Gruppo blew out more smoke and waved one of his thin hands to clear the air. "I just want to set you straight," he said. "You're getting sloppy on this war-hero bunko. Suppose you don't smack him, so you're a hero to Bee. But a couple of years from now when you're out of a job, Bee will be nagging you about that garage you're always dreaming of—and won't have. Some other guy is going to hit him and collect the folding money. Okay, so Bee thinks you're a heel now, but when you're sitting pretty with that garage, she'll forget it. I know dames. . . . but good."

"Not like Red you don't."

Gruppo got up and walked to the door. He never seemed to make any sound when he walked. "Just remember I'm not in love with her. I'm expecting you to make a killing in that ring."

"Killing is right," Larry said to himself as Gruppo went out.

He lay there for a long time, staring at the wall and wrinkling his nose—thinking about everything and nothing. Finally he dozed off. He had a nightmare then. He dreamed he hit Barret, broke the rib, and Barret didn't quit! He was begging the kid to quit, so was the ref and the fans, but Barret was coming in at him, a terrible look in his eyes—the way he must have looked when

he charged up the hill to take the Kraut machine gun nest. Barret kept coming in and in . . . he wouldn't quit! Somebody screamed, "Another punch on that busted rib and you'll cripple him for life, maybe kill him!" It was a shrill hysterical scream, and Larry wondered if Red was at the ringside.

Larry awoke, the sound of his own voice filling the room. He turned on the light and stared at the sweat rolling off his hard body. He looked at his watch—a little after eleven. Red would be getting dressed now, ready to leave the theatre and get a snack before going home. He waited a half-hour, then called her apartment. "Listen, baby," he said quickly, "don't hang up. I'm feeling kind of blue. Red, sweetheart, I had to put on that act in the gym; you know how Gruppo is. That doesn't mean I'm going to crack the kid's rib."

"And if you do, it will just be an accidental punch, I suppose?" she said. "Larry, you'll be by yourself in that ring, and it will be up to you alone to decide what you're going to do."

"Can't we talk it over? I'm all mixed up, Red, you on one side, Gruppo talking like James Cagney and . . ."

"I'm sorry, Larry, real sorry. honey, but there's nothing to talk about. Call me again—after the fight." She hung up.

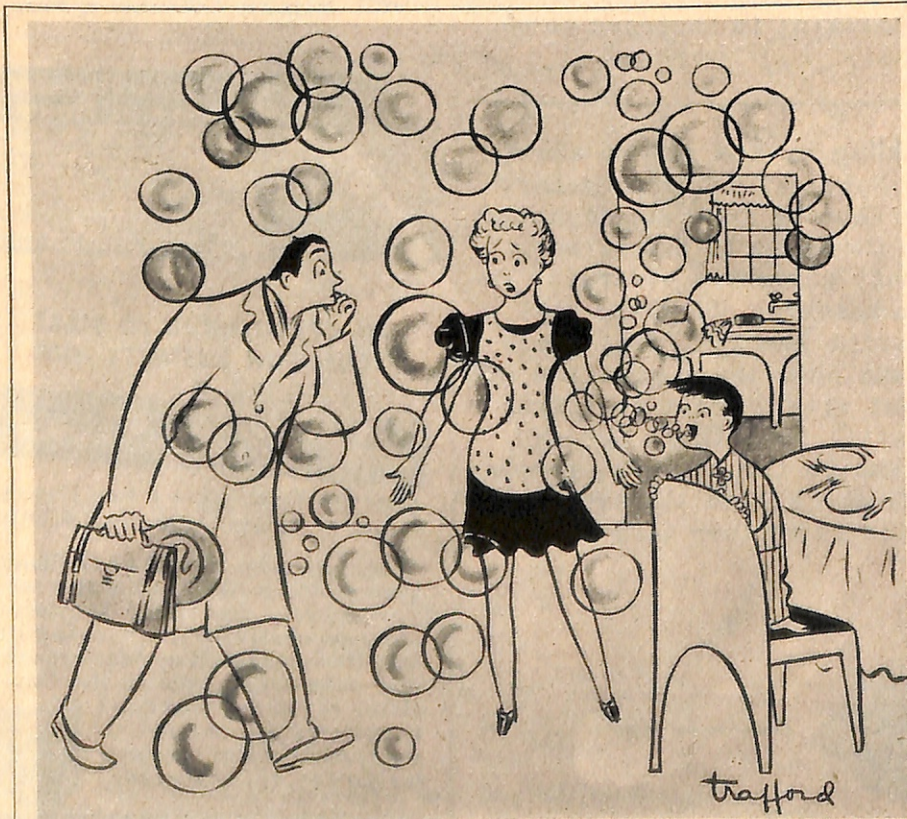
Larry sat on the bed for a while, trying to think, then he called up the desk clerk and told him to send up a double slug of whiskey. "Certainly, Mr. Polier," the clerk said in that polite voice all desk clerks are born with, "but I know you're in training for a fight and . . ."

"Holy mackerel, you arguing with me too?" Larry shouted into the phone. "Make that a triple shot and send it up quick!"

The whiskey put him to sleep, but he was restless right up to the night of the fight—restless and lonely.

Barret was a tall, well-built kid, looking like a bigger edition of Billy Conn. When the ref called them to the center of the ring for their instructions, Barret winked at Larry and grinned nervously. Polier merely looked down at the dirty canvas. As he returned to his corner, he wondered if Red was out there watching him, what she was thinking about.

At the bell Barret came out fast, up on his toes and full of speed and grace. To the noisy fans he looked the picture of a great boxer, but Polier smiled to himself. In over 200 bouts he had learned to judge fighters—and this kid did too many things wrong; inexperience stuck out all over him. The way he held his left so close to his side—protecting the bad rib; the eager way he cocked his right; and he stayed up on his



"Well, it all started when he said a bad word today, and . . ."

toes too long, no place for a puncher. Polier circled smoothly to Barret's left, sent out a few lazy jabs, then suddenly crossed a right to the kid's jaw. It was a sucker punch, but Barret had his own right hand too far back to protect his chin. The wallop shook him badly, and the crowd roared as he fell into a clinch. In-fighting was Larry's meat, and he kept the kid's head bobbing with short right uppercuts, till the ref broke them. Polier kept shifting to Barret's left, jabbing, slipping the awkward left-hand punches the kid threw—as if he was afraid to have that guarding left hand too far from his side.

"Damn," Larry thought. "He's so bad he's making me look like a boxing master. I can beat him without cracking the rib. Clumsy, leaves his jaw as open as a welcome-home sign. What's so hot about this kid?"

As Larry returned to his corner at the bell, Gruppo snarled, "What you waiting for? You had plenty of chances to hit his ribs."

"Let me do the fighting. You want a win and you'll get it."

"You dummy, your legs won't carry you ten rounds! You have to kayo him to win," Gruppo said in that dead voice of his.

"I will," Larry said, as the ten-second whistle sounded, thinking of the way Barret held his right back from his chin—that wide open chin.

As the bell for the second round sounded, Barret raced across the ring, hoping to trap Polier in a corner. Larry side-stepped to the kid's left, peppering him with jabs. He kept circling to the left, keeping Barret off balance with stinging jabs, shaking him with right hooks. Suddenly Barret fainted with his left, and with whip speed, sent over a hard right cross. Larry managed to roll with the punch as it landed on his shoulder. The whole top of his body went numb and he knew then that the kid could wallop.

As Larry backed up to the ropes, Barret came rushing in, swinging like an amateur, raining roundhouse blows from all angles. Polier calmly stopped them with his arms and elbows, then straightened the kid up with a sizzling left uppercut, and clinched. He tied up the kid with his left hand and the side of his body, cuffing Barret's head with his free right. They weren't hard blows, but they made the kid look bad, and the fans laughed. Angry, Barret bulled his way out of the clinch and threw an overhand right that Larry slipped under. His timing was a little off, and the blow glanced off his cheek, tearing the skin.

The fans screamed at the sight of blood, and Larry stepped in and stopped Barret dead in his tracks with a left and right to the chin. For a moment the kid's knees buckled, then he came back swinging. His left side was open and Polier started a right hook, hesitated... it would be so easy to crack him... any kid in the gym could smack him on... In the fraction of a second that

Larry hesitated, the kid's right came smashing over to make an arc of red leather that ended high up on Larry's head. Larry sort of half spun around, then fell to the canvas. He lay there, glassy eyes staring at the bright ring lights overhead. At seven he shook his head and slowly got to his feet.

OVERHEAD a shell burst, lighting up the country-side, the weird broken trees and skeleton houses. Larry was holding a sub-machine gun in his left hand. Ahead, and to his right, a machine gun was spitting lead from the top of a small hill. For a few minutes Larry stared at it, then slowly, cautiously, he crawled out of his foxhole, inching along the ground. Shells were breaking around him, throwing up clouds of dirt and stone. He could feel the stones hitting him. Suddenly he felt himself tossed into the air, a binding flash of light broke ahead of him, thunder rocked his head. He rolled over and over on the ground, bit his lips to keep in a scream. The most agonizing pain he had ever known tore at his legs, his left side—like red-hot nails driven into his skin. He struggled to his feet, did a kind of backward somersault, and fell into the foxhole again. His body was wet with blood and full of pain. "I can stay here," he thought, "just lay here till help comes. Nobody would call me a coward, I've done the best I could." He raised his head and peered over the top of the hole. The machine gun was firing 'way over to his right now.

"They must think I'm dead," he said aloud, breathing hard, his voice a sob. "The rest of the platoon is over there, pinned down by that gun. If I could sneak up on them, from their left side, get that gun. If..."

With his good right hand he pulled himself over the top and started to crawl. Each movement of his legs made him want to yell with pain. Twice he passed out. The last time he came to at the bottom of the hill, the harsh, stuttering noise of the machine gun in his ears. He tried to crawl up the hill and couldn't. Then he began to curse, cursed with blind, raving madness. Somehow he pulled himself to his feet and, screaming savagely, ran up the hill on dead legs. They saw him now, the gun swung toward him. He felt the bullets slapping his body, saw the bright burst of fire. He kept running and screaming and firing...

THERE was a long moment of dead silence, then something warm and soothing was stroking his face. He opened his eyes and saw Bee bending over him. She wore a neat grey suit and white blouse, only there was blood on her blouse and she was crying as she sat on the dressing room table and held his head in her arms.

"The machine gun?" he muttered, as he sat up and looked around the empty dressing room. His head began to clear. He knew one eye was shut, and when he tried to speak, his

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puffed, cut lips hurt him. The gloves and tape were off his hands. He ran his fingers through Bee's soft red hair and said, "Okay, honey, so I got knocked for a loop."

"You won," she said between sobs. "Oh, darling you're so cut and battered!"

"I won?" he repeated. "Where's Gruppo . . . and everybody?"

"Outside. I told them I wanted to be alone with you. Darling, I won't ever let you fight again."

"Wait a second, let me get this straight. How did I win, Red?"

"You knocked him out in the fourth round. The sports writers say this was the most savage brawl since Dempsey-Firpo. Darling, darling, it was brutal, horrible!" She started to sob again.

Larry grabbed her shoulders. "Did I bust his rib?"

Red shook her head. "No. He hit you a terrible wallop in the second round. I thought you were knocked out. But somehow you got to your feet and started slugging. Larry, honey, they say you fought a sensational fight, but I don't want you to fight again—ever! I never saw you so . . . so battered before."

He held her in his arms, trying to quiet her crying. Over her shoulder he saw himself in the dressing-room mirror. His cheek was cut, the closed eye was puffy and blue, there was blood all around his mouth, and lumps on his forehead. He said, "I wasn't sensational, I was fighting

with that kid's courage. It was that newspaper clipping you gave me."

"The clipping?" Red asked.

"That punch in the second round put me out on my feet," Larry said, "and I guess that clipping was in the back of my mind all the time. Anyway, I thought I was him—Barret. I did all the hero stuff he did—in my mind. It gave me the courage to make the fight I did. I feel lousy, like I'd robbed him."

"Well, at least you didn't break his rib," she said, "and . . ."

THERE was a knock on the door and Barret entered. His face was a mass of bruises and cuts, covered with bits of white tape. He grinned and said, "Just wanted to tell you what a great fight you put up, Pop."

"Who you calling Pop?" Bee asked.

Barret sat down on the table beside them, his robe hanging loosely on his big shoulders. "Thought I was quite a fighter till tonight. You really gave me a going over, old man."

"Old man?" Bee yelled.

Larry said, "You want to stop fighting, kid. Some day that rib will be hit and it will be curtains for you."

Barret turned pale as the tape over his cuts. "You knew about that? Then why . . . ?"

"What are you fighting for, with a rib like that?" Larry asked.

Barret shrugged. "Why does any-

body become a pug—for dough. Haven't done so bad, nearly four grand in ten fights. I went into the army straight from school. Don't know nothing but fixing trucks, which I learned in the army, and fighting which. . . ."

"You a mechanic?" Larry shouted, jumping up so quickly he nearly knocked Bee over. "Listen, I can buy a garage for ten grand, been working on the deal for the past year. Got over six thousand, and with your dough—you want to go into business?"

"After the beating I got tonight, I'm sure not too interested in boxing," Barret said. "You mean we'd be partners in this here garage?"

"Sure, we can't miss. I got all the papers, details, profits and business the garage has done in the last ten years—all that stuff, in my room. Why, with our names and this location . . ."

"I'd be knocked silly to get a chance to go in on the deal," Barret said, excited. "Golly, think of me owning a garage, Pop."

Bee said firmly, "If you're going to be his partner you have to stop calling him Pop. Bet your girl will call me grandma. You fresh punks!"

Larry suddenly took Red in his arms and kissed her. With his good eye he winked at Barret, who asked, "Hey, what's all this love-making about?"

"That's strictly for us old folks," Larry told him, kissing Bee.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 11)

daiquiri. A martini is gently stirred. A daiquiri is shaken with fervor designed to froth it up to a smooth, tangy refresher of jaded spirits. More than 6,000 motions are required to turn out a brace of proper daiquiris and these motions are especially vigorous ones—exactly the sort Mr. Brewster is most anxious to have us avoid. In addition the daiquiri provides an especially horrible example of the numerous objectionable appurtenances which, as Mr. Brewster points out, are more bother than they're worth. There are lemons or limes that must be squeezed and measured. Ordinary ice cubes won't do; there is the further trouble of crushing them. Then there's the annoyance of having guests smack their lips when they taste a good daiquiri. The extra motions might be worth while if people would just make a wry face instead of beaming and saying, "Mmmmmmm."

Mr. Brewster was doubtless so pleased—and rightly so—with his discovery of a new reason for not drinking, that he was content to rest his case on the mere announcement of its existence, leaving to others, plodding in his brilliant wake, the burdensome details of assaying just how important is his discovery. In

a spirit of humility I wished to make my small contribution to this research which will doubtless occupy scientific drinkers for years to come. I sought to determine by empirical test just how many motions Mr. Brewster could save a man.

Finding a suitable subject was not easy. I wanted a dyed-in-the-kidney martini drinker, a man whose bar-side manner was devoted wholly to this famous appetizer. There were plenty who were willing to have their motions measured as long as I would pay for the martinis, but when I wanted to compute the motions required for the partaking of a glass of water, they balked to a man, especially when they found out that I expected them to drink the water with no faking, like in the movies.

I was almost ready to admit failure and give up the project (my passion for research has become less marked with the passing years) when I hit upon what I thought would be an ingenious device by which to ensnare my victim. I gave him a glass of water and told him it was a tumbler of martinis. It didn't work. While I was intent upon clocking his every motion (accuracy was the watchword), there was suddenly a great sputtering and cough-

ing, intermingled with unprintable words, and before I knew it I had miscounted. So I had to check my water motions on a teetotaler and I trust they are accurate. Anyhow, I found that by not drinking martinis you can save 2,876,324 motions in a year, or 155,154,636 in a lifetime, if you start not drinking at age 16, which is certainly young enough.

Mr. Brewster did not tell us what he has done with all the motions he has saved by not drinking. However, I have some suggestions which will help prevent muscle flabbiness and at the same time leave the mind free to contemplate some of the major differences between the water supplied by the city of, say Punxsutawney, Pa., and an old-fashioned-made-of-nasty, bonded-bourbon that has been left stagnant for ten years in an old keg.

One of these occupations is turning sheet music for concert violinists. Eighty-six motions can be utilized in turning the pages of the *Flight of the Bumblebee*, for example, and for anyone who feels like going on a motion-expending binge, a round of 1,000 will be required for several of the Paganini or Fritz Kreisler scores.

Not everyone is lucky enough to have a concert violinist around the

house, however, and for those who lack such a convenience I suggest as an excellent dispenser of saved-up motions the profitable and instructive industry of raising mushrooms. Bringing a single mushroom from its tiny but unmentionable beginnings, through the delicate period of puberty and on to glorious and highly edible young manhood, can consume hundreds of motions. Since

you can raise as many mushrooms as you have saved up motions, the opportunity is unlimited. And what makes this a particularly felicitous suggestion is that mushrooms don't drink. With such a common bond right from the start, Mr. Brewster's followers will have real fun saving motions with mushrooms. Think of all the interesting dank places they'll see. That's the life for me.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 12)

the fire is going well we both work at the job of chopping holes and setting tipups until they are all in and baited. Then we go back and make a cup of coffee. We can see our tipups from the cabin, and if a flag goes up one of us runs out and either catches the pickerel or pulls up a bare hook. Sometimes (usually, in fact) we finish our morning coffee before we get a bite.

Then we go back to the lake and wander around inspecting our tipups and skimming the ice off the water in the holes if the weather has freezing abilities. We also experiment by lengthening some lines until the minnow-baited hooks are just above the bottom of the lake and raising others to various higher levels.

The pickerel may be either deep or shallow, and if the hook isn't at the right depth few will be caught, but when one bites the odds are favorable that all the others will be caught at approximately the same level.

If we don't get any bites at all we begin chopping new holes and moving our tipups, one at a time, to different locations. Sometimes a tipup that hasn't had a bite all day will get hotter than a sheriff's pistol after it has been moved a few yards to a good feeding ground.

It is just about time for me to break down and explain what these tipups I have been talking about are. There are about a thousand different kinds because every ice fisherman has his own, and he is just like a Rus-



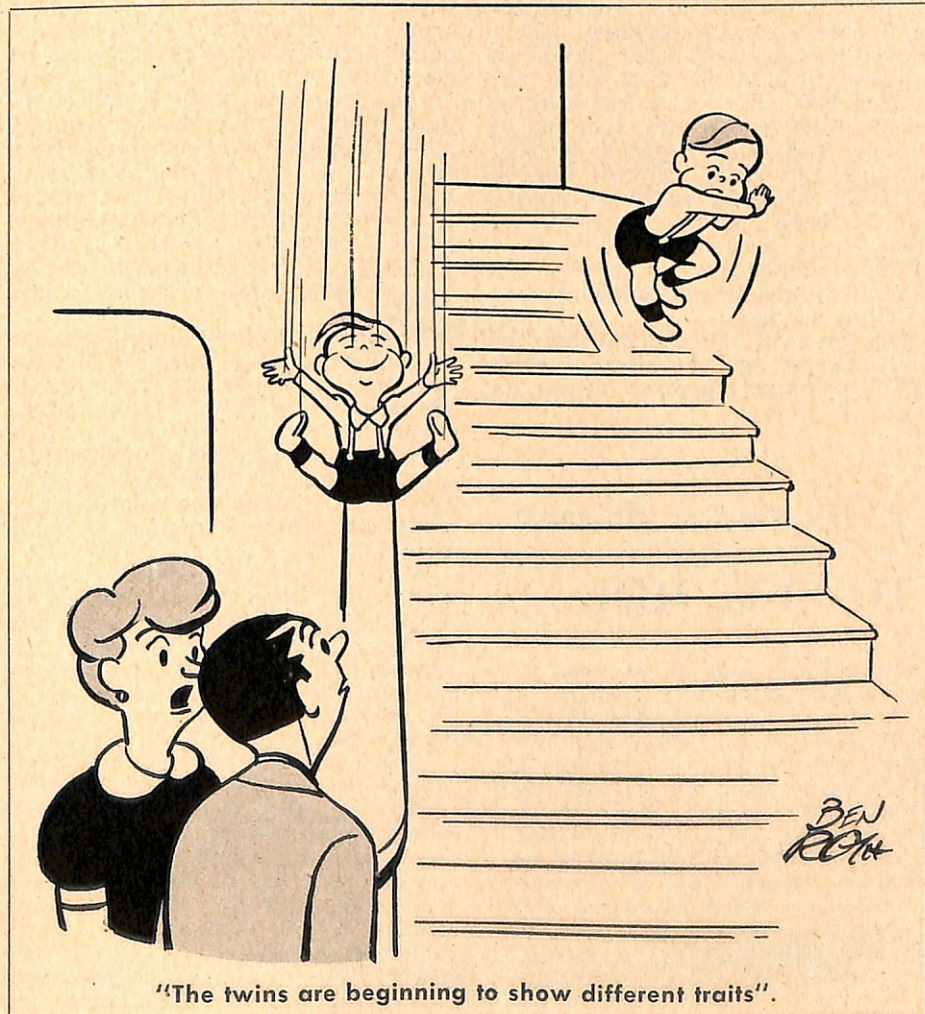
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sian diplomat. He *thinks* he is always right, and he *knows* everybody else is wrong.

Fundamentally, a tipup is a little gadget that hovers over a hole in the ice and hoists a flag when a fish bites. Some of them also have reels which pay out line and give the unsuspecting fish a false sense of security. (It annoys a pickerel to have the food jerked out of his mouth, but if the line runs freely a few yards he usually will swallow the bait.) Some tipups operate with a spring which whips up the flag like the tail of a terrified cat, and others have a little boom and sliding weight arrangement which hoists the flag more slowly.

Some tipups pop when the flag goes up, and Harry Erickson, who started me ice fishing, told me about one set he saw which fired a cap to warn the fisherman when he had a bite. I think that is going a little too far. If a man is so ossified that he needs an explosion to bring him around, he doesn't deserve to catch anything.

Speaking of being ossified, or spificated, as it is sometimes called, a lot of ice fishermen take their bonfire with them—in a bottle. I have no objection to an occasional nip, particularly in cold weather, but I don't want anybody around me who keeps on nipping until he gets numb. I like to fish too well to get drunk or to put up with a drunk. I will just hang him in a tree and go on with my fishing.

The fish most sought by winter anglers in the Northeastern States is the pickerel, although both yellow and white perch are popular. Now the pickerel doesn't rate very high in the blue book of piscatorial society. In fact, his chief claim to glory is his highfalutin cousin, the muskellunge. The northern pike is another member of the same family, but he doesn't enjoy the prestige of the muskie.

Actually, although pickerel, pike and muskellunge are different species, they all belong to the same fam-

ily, and in all important characteristics except size they are the same. They all love to lie in wait along the edges of the weed beds, with only their noses showing, and to dash out and capture passing minnows. They all strike lures of the same type, and I believe the pickerel, for his size, puts up just as strong a fight as the muskie does for his. The latter, because of his scarcity and size, is surrounded by a halo of glamour, while the pickerel, doughty little warrior of the nearby pond, often is scorned without a chance to prove his metal.

In the winter, the picture is changed. Then trout and bass are protected, but the pickerel is cruising restlessly in search of food, and is the prime cause for thousands of anglers' spending many pleasant winter days on sparkling, ice-bound lakes. The mere fact that pickerel usually are hungry in the winter, however, does not mean that they can be caught without thought and effort.

I spent two full winters at ice fishing before I knew enough secrets of the game to catch pickerel with any degree of regularity. The first requirement is good bait, and the best bait is a lively shiner minnow, not too large. Those two and one-half to three inches long seem to be best. Even the method of placing the minnows on the hook is important.

LAST winter Jack Tallman and I conducted a long experiment which proved conclusively that minnows hooked through the lips from the bottom not only got us more bites, but resulted in a higher percentage of hooked fish than others hooked through the back. Shiners hooked through the back aren't as active, and pickerel apparently swallow them head first, because once a minnow hooked through the lips was taken we had a much better chance of hooking the fish.

The interval between the time the flag goes up and the moment when the fish is safely flopping on the ice

is the high point of ice fishing. Usually you are some distance from a flag when it tips up. You run to the hole. Your reel is paying out line with a merry rattle. Should you grab it and snub the fish, or should you let him run a while longer?

We tried both ways, and discovered that we usually had better luck if we let the pickerel run twenty-five or thirty feet beneath the ice. Then he would stop, presumably to swallow the minnow. When he started away again we struck. Ordinarily, we had ourselves a pickerel, although quite a few managed to wind the line around weeds, or snag it on the ice at the lower edge of the hole and get away.

Some days this method didn't work. Whether the pickerel weren't hungry and merely played with the bait, or whether they were unusually suspicious, I don't know. Whatever the reason, they would take the minnow and swim away with him. Then when the line stopped going out, instead of pausing a moment and starting away again, it would just lie there. We would tighten up gingerly, trying to feel the fish, but he would be gone. He had spit out the minnow. After this happened two or three times in a day we began striking while the pickerel was making his initial run. We caught more until the fish went back to their usual method of feeding.

At first I thought that chopping holes through the ice or running around on it scared the fish. Now I don't think it makes any difference at all. I have caught a lot of pickerel on my first tipup while I was chopping a hole for my second one not more than ten or fifteen feet away. In fact, a time or two, I've even hooked one when I first lowered my minnow through a newly-chopped hole. It seemed as though old duck-face actually had been attracted by the chopping and was right there waiting.

If you think there might be some possibilities in this business and decide to give it a whirl, don't fail to get a good ice chisel. It should be about five feet long, have a blade three inches wide, and you should tie a short length of rope to the end of the handle. Loop the rope around your arm before you start to chop your hole.

The only man on the lake who feels sillier than the one who plunged his chisel through the hole and into fifteen feet of black, icy water is the one who brought along the family ax to chop his holes. That is a job. I would just as soon contract to shovel soot with a pitchfork.

The lads who try to chop their holes with an ax save lots of fish, however. They worry one funnel-shaped pit into the ice. When the blade breaks through the bottom the pit fills with water. They can't chop in water, and the hole isn't big enough to fish through, so they go fight the bottle for the rest of the day. They're the ones who don't like ice fishing. I don't blame them.

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

COLD ENOUGH TO SUIT HIM

It was cold in Dantzig in the winter of 1709, so cold that the German physicist, shivering in his laboratory there, decided it was the limit. And he marked it as such on the instrument he had invented for measuring temperatures. From that frigidity, his scale of 212 degrees rose and registered the boiling point of water. This instrument and his other achievements won the inventor a reputation in Holland, where he

later settled, and an election to the Royal Society of London in 1724.

It had won him far more than that. His initial, or name, is mentioned whenever we wish to describe how cold or hot it is. A glance at the glass tube filled with quicksilver he devised, informs us that the temperature is so many degrees *F*—which stands for and perpetuates the name of Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



PLAN AHEAD FOR FLAG DAY

MAY I take this occasion to thank the one-hundred-and-forty District Deputies Grand Exalted Ruler who have completed their work of inspecting the fourteen-hundred-and-fifty lodges throughout our domain.

No Grand Exalted Ruler has had a more efficient group of men, or one more deserving of praise. In a few instances they have had to return for a second visitation, because of illness on the part of the Exalted Ruler or failure to get all of his officers together, but this is only minor. Again my thanks to a loyal and faithful army of workers.

Chairman Bert A. Thompson of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee has sent out a letter to all Exalted Rulers asking for suggestions, new ideas that have proven popular with our members, so that his Committee can pass them on to other lodges. From the letter we quote:

"I would like to have you put me on your mailing list for announcements of special activities. I would appreciate receiving tearsheets of all newspaper publicity which your lodge has received in connection with functions such as Americanism programs, charity programs, community service efforts and the like. This in turn will be placed on display at the Grand Lodge meeting in Portland."

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee plans a special program for Flag Day. Let us make this one of the greatest events in the history of the Order. Constitution Day should be observed, and it is none too early to plan for these two anniversaries now. We pride ourselves as a great American Order, and our Constitution designates Flag Day as our answer, that we do not forget. With victory achieved, the Flag will mean more to us in the years that lie ahead and in the years of peace before us.

As I travel these United States, my pride in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks grows stronger. Our membership is rapidly increasing, a testimonial to the Grand Exalted Rulers of the past, who have hewed straight to the line and made possible this great American Fraternity.

We are now well over the half-year mark, and the loyalty of the membership has given me new inspiration that will carry through to the end of my administration.

Fraternally yours,

C. E. Broughton

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



GRAND LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE LODGE BULLETIN CONTEST

Your Grand Lodge Activities Committee, recognizing the immeasurable value of the Subordinate Lodge Bulletin, and to stimulate interest in lodge bulletins by all lodges throughout our Order, is this year sponsoring what it hopes will be the first of an Annual Lodge Bulletin Contest.

Every member of a subordinate lodge should be kept informed of all lodge and club activities of his own lodge, as well as District, State, and Grand Lodge Programs.

The majority of our members find it impossible to attend lodge sessions regularly enough to hear all committee reports and to keep abreast of the programs of the lodge and of the Order. Unless some medium is provided to acquaint them with the program of events to come, and its progress, the interest of many members will lag, and they will be on their way to becoming an "unaffiliated Elk".

The most practical, tried and proven, and least expensive method of keeping the membership of a subordinate lodge informed of all activities of the lodge and of the order, is with a regular lodge publication. It has come to be more or less accepted as axiomatic that the success of a lodge may be attributed, in no small degree, to the type and caliber of its News Bulletin.

The Lodge Activities Committee, on behalf of and with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler, will award

trophies as first, second and third place prizes to lodges in the following classifications:

- Lodges Up to 500 Members—
First, Second and Third Awards
- Lodges Over 500 and Up to 1000 Members—
First, Second and Third Awards
- Lodges Over 1000 Members—
First, Second and Third Awards

Lodges will be classified on their membership as of April 1st, 1946, as shown in the 1946 Grand Lodge reports.

Select any four of your regular Lodge Bulletins published during the lodge year, April 1st, 1946 to March 31st, 1947. Bind them neatly in a binder or cover. Elaborate or expensive bindings are not necessary or desirable. Mail your entry of the bound four bulletins to Bert A. Thompson, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, P. O. Box No. 1, Green Bay, Wisconsin, not later than March 31st, 1947.

Entries will be graded by judges as to comprehensive coverage of lodge and club activities; make-up and appearance; art work; reader interest, etc.

All entries will be exhibited at the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, Oregon, and trophies will be awarded at a session of the Grand Lodge.

With the hope and expectation that pride in your lodge and belief in the value of your lodge bulletin will prompt you to place your entry in this contest, we are

Fraternally yours,

GRAND LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE
Bert A. Thompson, Chairman

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Bert A. Thompson, Chairman, Green Bay, Wisconsin

Cyril A. Kremser, Lakewood, Ohio

George A. Swalbach, Rochester, New York

Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, Georgia

Clifton B. Mudd, Salem, Oregon

ENTRIES MUST BE IN THE MAIL BEFORE APRIL 1ST, 1947

News of the Order



**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION**

EDITORIALS

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, seated in his office at Sheboygan, Wis., reports to local Army recruiting sergeants that the Elks have exceeded their original quota of one recruit a month for every 100 members, in the program directed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. With the Grand Exalted Ruler are, left to right, F/Sgt. Desmond Pierce, Exalted Ruler William Arndt of Sheboygan Lodge and S/Sgt. Arnold Torgerson.

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NAT

Right is a photograph taken during one of the many visits made by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge to the Valley Forge Veterans Hospital.



Left are some of the patients at Danville Veterans Hospital who enjoyed the showing of the Kaufman and Hart play, "George Washington Slept Here", put on by the Red Mask Players under the auspices of Danville, Ill., Lodge, with the cooperation of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Below: A picture taken during the dinner and show given by the Servicemen's Welfare Committee of Nutley, N. J., Lodge for the lodge's 50 servicemen members, each of whom received a diamond Elks Emblem Pin.

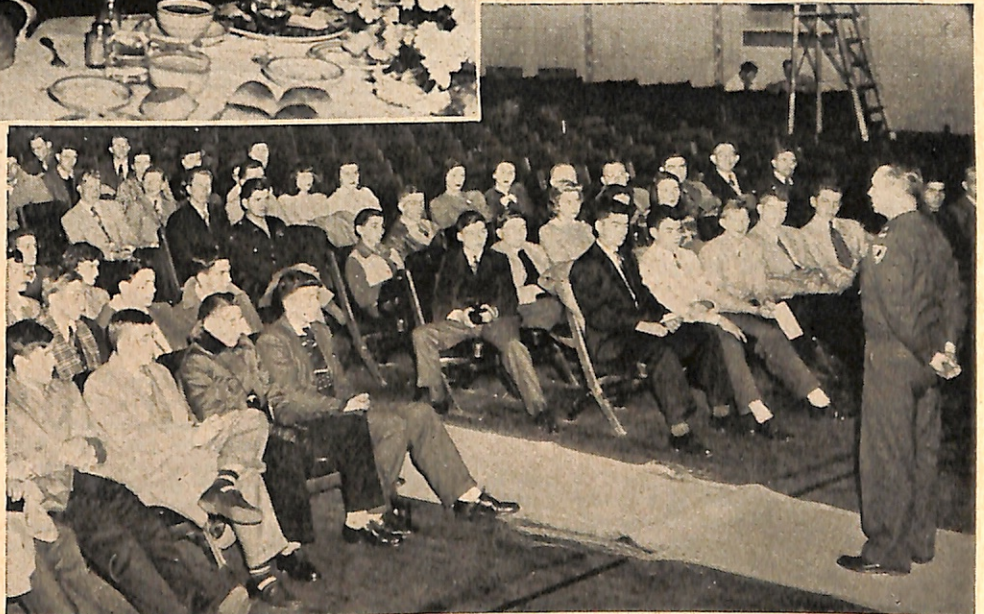


IONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION



Left are several Elk dignitaries who attended New Bedford, Mass., Lodge's welcome-home dinner for its World War II veterans. Left to right are D.D. John J. McDonald, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, E.R. Dr. Arthur J. Taveira and Past State President Joseph F. Francis, Jr., Master of Ceremonies.

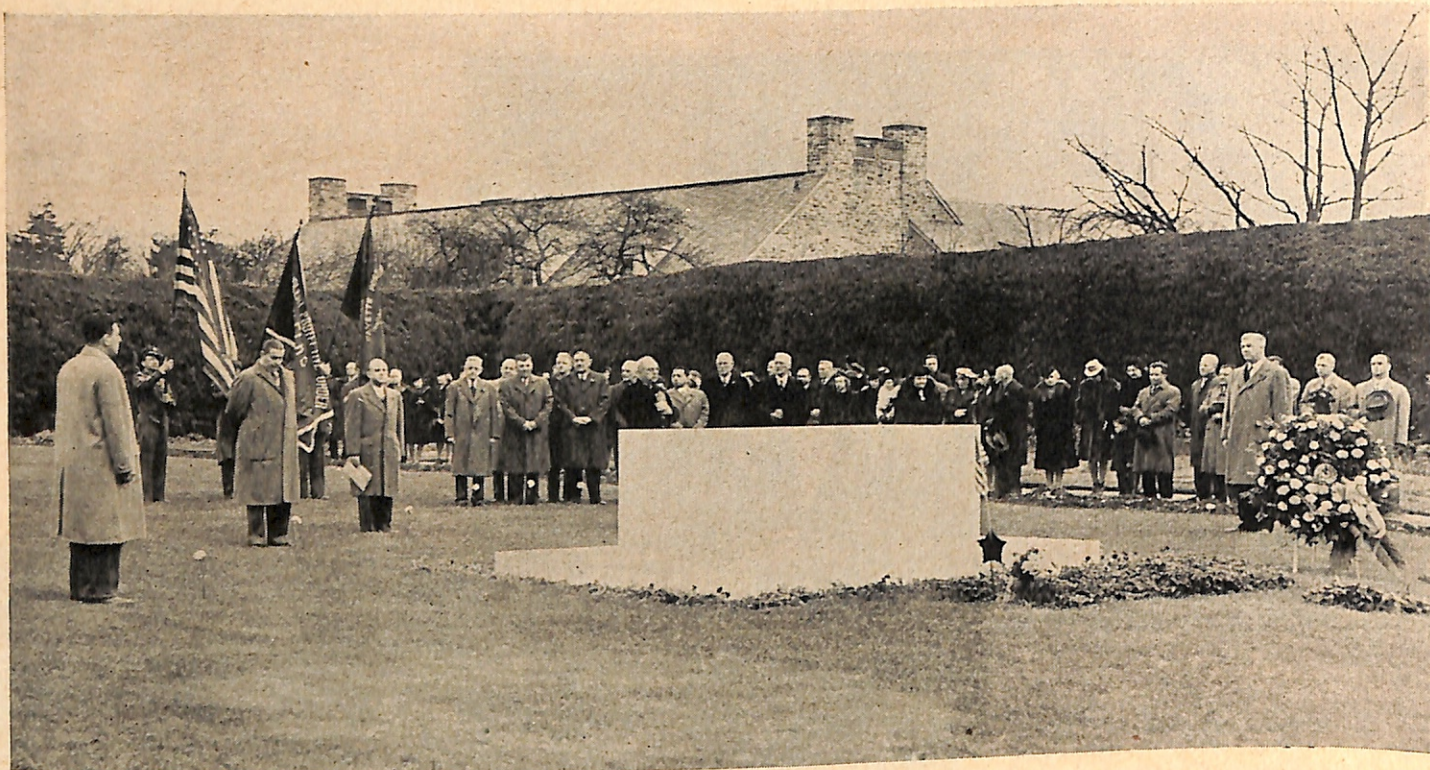
Right: Col. Ned D. Moore, Public Relations Officer, addresses the group of high school students who visited West Point recently under the auspices of Bridgeport, Norwalk, Greenwich, Danbury and Stamford, Conn., Lodges.



Below is part of the crowd of 200 persons who attended the banquet given by Washington, Mo., Lodge for its returned servicemen members.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above: Officers of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge place a wreath on the grave of their late Brother, Franklin D. Roosevelt. A large crowd attended this impressive ceremony.

Below: The citizens of Dunkirk, N. Y., contributed \$75,000 in gifts to the citizens of war-torn Dunkerque, France, recently. A fine bull was donated by the local Elks lodge and is shown here in the parade of contributions, attended by French Ambassador Henri Bonnet, movie stars Charles Boyer and Simone Simon, and representatives of the English and Canadian Embassies.



NEW ALBANY, IND., Lodge, No. 270, was host to approximately 200 Hoosier Elks from 14 Southern Indiana lodges recently at the annual Fall get-together for that District.

The program featured a dance, a banquet and several get-acquainted sessions. E.R. Arch Hook made the welcoming address and among the prominent guests were D.D. H. W. Branstetter, P.D.D.'s P. W. Loveland, State Tiler, Bruce Hitch and C. O. Hall, and Past Grand Tiler Arnold Westermann of Louisville Lodge, a Past President of the Kentucky State Elks Association.

It was announced at this meeting that the 1947 State Convention will be held in Evansville June 19th, 20th and 21st.

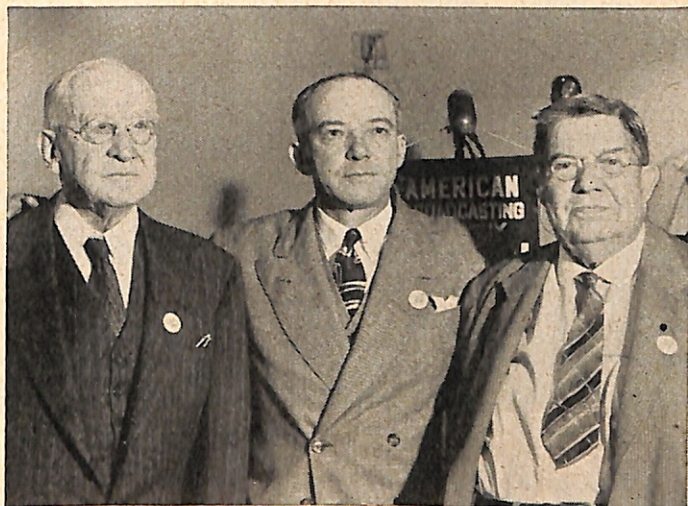
EAST STROUDSBURG, PA., Lodge, No. 319, added something novel to the Order's popular Father and Son Nights when it devoted a recent evening to those Elk fathers and their sons who are also members of the Order.

Nineteen of East Stroudsburg Lodge's twenty-two such combinations were on hand, including P.E.R. A. F. Everitt and four of his Elk sons. The occasion, attended by about 140 members, opened with a turkey dinner at which Past State Pres. Wilbur G. Warner gave a splendid talk, and closed with a floor show. In keeping with the Order's full cooperation with the U. S. Peacetime Army Recruiting Program was an address by Major C. R. Ogden of the Recruiting Station at Allentown, which was received most enthusiastically. Visiting Elks from Lehighton, Easton and Hazleton, Pa., and Union City, N. J., were warmly welcomed.

Right: E.R. C. H. Freeth, extreme right, presents Yakima, Wash., Lodge's gift of a dual-control Plymouth car to Dr. Holland E. Wight, President of the Yakima School Board, for use in teaching high school students the fundamentals of safe driving.



Below: Billy Southworth, manager of the Boston Braves, center, is pictured with D. M. Gage, left, charter member, and L. S. Bixler at a homecoming dinner given by Kenton, Ohio, Lodge.



FAIRFIELD, CONN., COUNTY ELKS.

A group of young public high school students of their county, sponsored by Bridgeport, Norwalk, Greenwich, Danbury and Stamford Lodges, were recently treated to a visit to the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., as a contribution of the Fairfield County Elks to aid in the voluntary recruiting campaign of the U. S. Army. The students arrived at West Point in buses chartered by the Elks, in charge of Sgt. Carmine L. Aquino, a member of Norwalk Lodge who is an Army Public Relations Officer stationed at Bridgeport. The Sergeant conceived this brilliant idea, the fulfillment of which greatly interested both the students and State Pres. James T. Welch who accompanied them, along with E.R. Ernest Gaines of Bridgeport Lodge. Assisting Sgt. Aquino were members of the Bridgeport Army Recruiting Service commanded by Capt. Henry L. Timmermans, a member of Norwalk Lodge.

Above: Officials of Oakland, Calif., Lodge present a \$4,000 check for work being done for Oakland youngsters to Gilbert Eaton, right, director of the local Boys' Club. The money is part of the lodge's Carnival Fund.

Below: Middletown, N. Y., Lodge presents a resuscitator and an oxygen tent to near-by Goshen Hospital. The lodge has already donated iron lungs to Horton Memorial Hospital and Middletown Sanitarium. D.D.

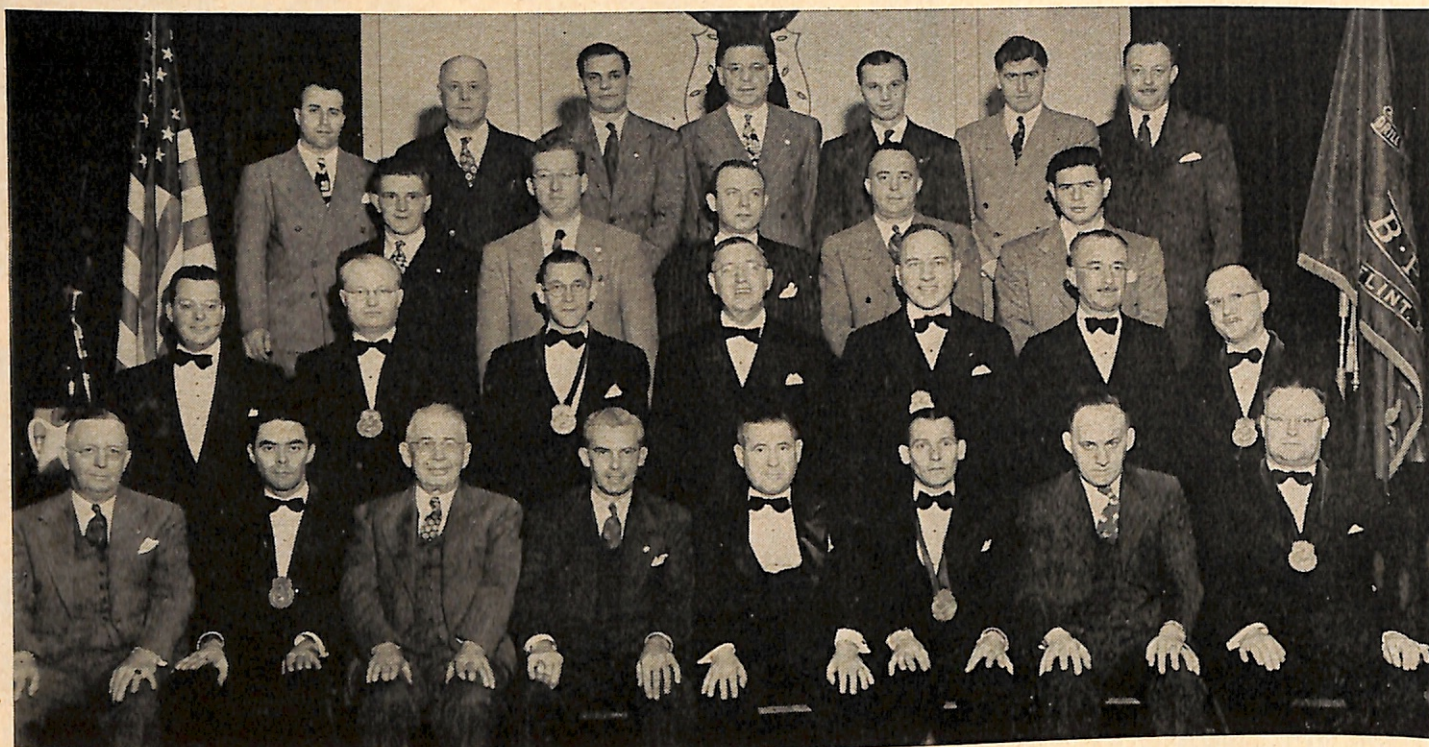
Philip S. Parker and Dr. Roy L. Lippincott, a member of Middletown Lodge and head of the hospital's staff, are at left, and Miss Mildred Lamb, Hospital Supt., and E.R. Frank H. McBride are at right.



PAWTUCKET, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, is piling up new members at a great rate. A recent class of 12 candidates was initiated in honor of P.D.D. James E. Buchanan, P.E.R., who addressed the group, emphasizing the importance of the principles of Elkdom in the world today.

Eight more candidates were accepted for membership with their initiation planned for a future date, and it was voted to award \$500 endowment policies for the education of the children of two members of No. 920 who made the supreme sacrifice in World War II.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above is one of Flint, Mich., Lodge's latest classes of candidates, with the lodge officers.

FARIBAULT, MINN., Lodge, No. 1166, is musically inclined and sponsors a "strictly amateur" Elks Chorus of which it is rightfully proud. This choral group recently put on a well-appreciated bit of harmony for a large crowd of Elks and their ladies at the home of Minneapolis Lodge No. 44.

State Pres. Emory Hughes and State Secy. Stanley Andersch also enjoyed the five numbers sung by the Chorus, which followed the initiation of a class under the direction of the Ritualistic Team of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838. At six o'clock the Chorus members were guests of the members of No. 44 at dinner and at an entertainment program and floor show later on.

ORDER'S HISTORY IN MOTION-PICTURE FORM

"Twixt Dream and Deed", a 16-millimeter film, either sound or silent, can be secured by the lodges and State Associations to show at regular meetings, or to prospective members. A color film, it gives the story of Elkdom from its beginning to the present time.

It can either be purchased or secured free of charge for one-day use through the Chicago Film Laboratory, Inc., 18 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Ill.

KNOXVILLE (Pittsburgh), PA., Lodge, No. 1196, really enjoyed itself at a testimonial dinner given for P.E.R. Paul E. Sallade not long ago.

Speakers included State Pres. Lee Donaldson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and several Knoxville Elk dignitaries. A floor show and dancing followed the dinner during which Mr. Sallade received an honorary life membership and a leather bag from the members of No. 1196.

TUCSON, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 385, is sponsoring a perpetual Annual Tucson Senior High School Scholarship Award in the sum of \$500, in honor of P.E.R. Peter E. Howell, prominent long-time member of the lodge. The award will be distributed among those scholars who are outstanding in their activities as determined by the School Board or Faculty of the School.

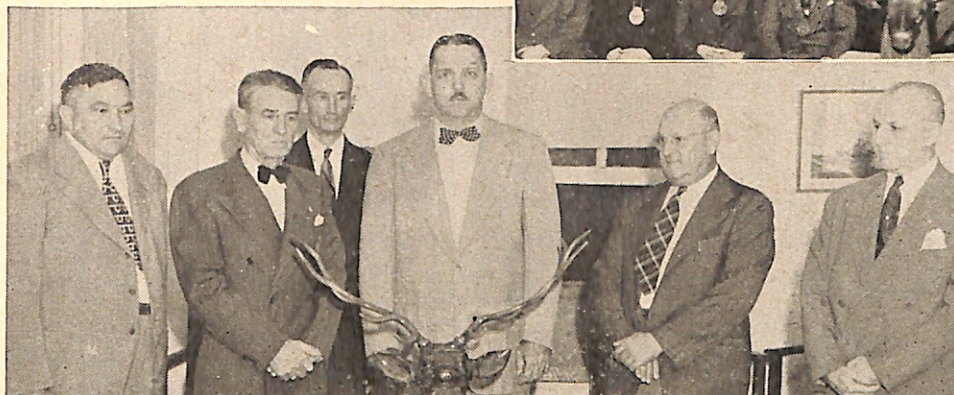
Fraternally speaking, No. 385 is in fine shape, with 36 new members initiated recently on the visit of D.D. Louis P. Laux.

BILOXI, MISS., Lodge, No. 606, welcomed D.D. M. G. Hurd on his official visit recently. A large delegation of Elks from Gulfport, Mr. Hurd's home lodge, was on hand. The District Deputy addressed the gathering and announced that a State Ritualistic Contest will be held in Jackson during the summer. The Gulfport Ritualistic Team challenged the Biloxi group, as well as the State, in this effort.



Left: Officials of Houlton, Me., Lodge are shown with D.D. John R. Hall, third from left, rear, during his official homecoming visit there.

Right with the lodge officers, are 17 new members of Carlinville, Ill., Lodge, who were initiated on the occasion of D.D. John Gibbons' visit there.

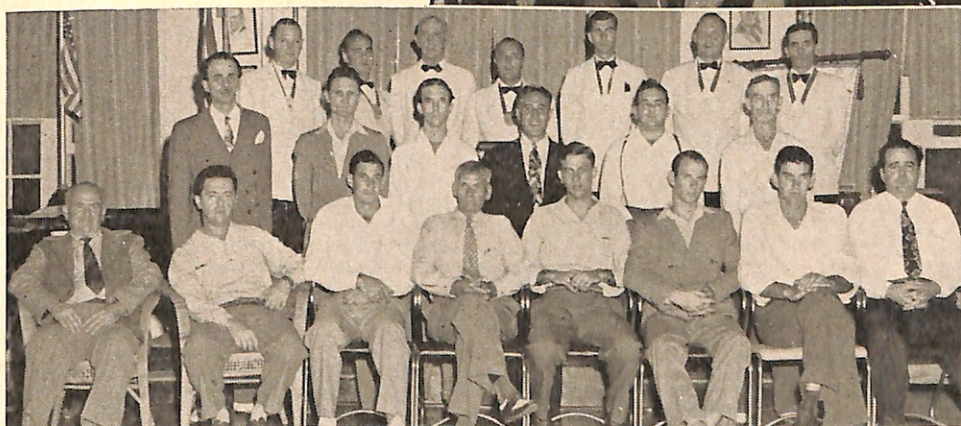


Left: Officers of Opelousas, La., Lodge are pictured as they completed an inspection tour of the lodge's new home, which will be entirely refurbished.

Right are the officers of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, D.D. Nels Quist, seated center, and 20 candidates initiated in his honor.



Below is a photograph taken during D.D. J. Alex Arnette's visit to Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge when a number of men were initiated.



Below are those who were present when D.D. Frank J. Gillan and State Vice-Pres. Garry J. White visited Mechanicville, N. Y., Lodge.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above is the Ohio Championship Ritualistic Team of Conneaut Lodge at a meeting honoring the Team and Past State Pres. Robert W. Dunkle. P.E.R.'s of Conneaut and other Ohio lodges, Past State Presidents and present Ohio Elk officials and those of the Ohio P.E.R.'s Assn. are also shown, along with the Ritualistic trophy, donated by Mr. Dunkle.

Below: E.R. Carl Olson presents Yankton, S. D., Lodge's \$1,000 check to Robert R. Tinker, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, for the city's swimming pool. Other representatives of Yankton Lodge, the Pool Committee and city officials watch the transaction with approval.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

LANCASTER, O., Lodge, No. 570, was a ball of fire not long ago when 250 members and their wives kept an eye on E.R. Ray M. Hettinger, assisted by P.E.R.'s Mayor Fred C. VonStein and Col. L. G. Silbaugh and State Treas. C. W. Wallace of Columbus, formerly of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, as they burned the mortgage on the lodge home.

After the introduction of all charter members present, life members and Past Exalted Rulers by Col. Silbaugh, who also outlined the history of No. 570, dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock in the morning.

Lancaster's "Veterans Welcome Home Parade", sponsored by the Lancaster Elks, came in for a huge share in the city's interest that day, too. A mile-long column of eight marching bands and a dozen floats which emphasized the American traditions for which the city's warriors fought and died, was witnessed by nearly 20,000 people, many of whom inspected the lodge home and were entertained there by the Elks' Symphonette in an hour-long concert.

LAKEWOOD, OHIO, Lodge, No. 1350, in answer to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton's request that each lodge adopt a worthwhile civic project, has formed the Lakewood Elks Band. With Cyril A. Kremser, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, acting as Master of Ceremonies, a Band Concert was given recently at the lodge home. Band Committee Chairman William Brookes presented the musical group to E.R. Dr. Ellsworth T. Clauser who accepted it on behalf of No. 1350 and pledged his unlimited support in the continuation of this splendid project.

Carl V. Weygandt, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio and a member of Lakewood Lodge, complimented the band on its fine music which was well received by about 450 Elks and their ladies. Joseph A. Monia of No. 1350, a nationally known musician, is the band's conductor.





Left are dignitaries of New Smyrna Beach, Fla., Lodge with D.D. O. B. Shanley, seated, in dark jacket, on his official visit there.

Below are Elk officials who attended Milford, Mass., Lodge's 46th Anniversary banquet. Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley are seated fifth and eighth from left respectively.



ELLWOOD CITY, PA., Lodge, No. 1356, put on a four-day celebration that will long be remembered. It started off with the burning of the \$22,500 mortgage on the lodge home, and another addition to the first evening was the acceptance of an award from the American Legion. There was also an address by Reuben Nagel, county legislator, and a Memorial Service honoring the lodge's six members who died in Service in World War II. One of the largest crowds in No. 1356's history was present and enjoyed a buffet luncheon.

The next night the Ellwood City Elks treated 160 veterans to a delicious turkey banquet, gifts and entertainment. Games and contests were also on the program and the veterans didn't pull any punches in voicing their appreciation.

The third night was devoted to a dance in the ballroom of the lodge home, for Elks and their ladies, Elk veterans, and those veterans who are sons and daughters of members of the Order.

The ballroom of the lodge home was again the center of activities for the final evening, when a cabaret party, for which no admission was charged, drew an enormous crowd of Elks and their guests who enjoyed both dancing and the six marvelous acts of the show. As if all this weren't enough, door prizes were also awarded.



Above: E.R. John Dailey, left, presents to Col. Dana Morey, President of the Union County Hospital Assn., Marysville, Ohio, Lodge's specially printed \$1,000 check for the Hospital Building Fund, as D.D. Russell Batteiger looks on.



Left are the 36 members of the Richter Memorial Class of Gallup, New Mexico, Lodge who were initiated in the presence of D.D. Tom Truder and State Pres. Morey Goodman, Past Grand Tiler. Gallup Lodge has grown, in three years, from 30 members to 460.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above are some of the dignitaries of the Order who attended the Ohio Southeast Conference which took place at East Liverpool recently.

Below are the officers of St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge and a class initiated in honor of P.E.R. Julius K. Werner, seated center, when D.D. A. H. Drummond visited there.



DANVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 332, is happy to announce that not one of the 1,500 patients of the Danville Veterans Hospital yawned through either showing of the famous Kaufman and Hart play, "George Washington Slept Here", when it sponsored two performances of the play for the entertainment of those convalescent servicemen who were able to attend. This project was the first of No. 332's regular monthly entertainments to make life more enjoyable for our wounded heroes there.

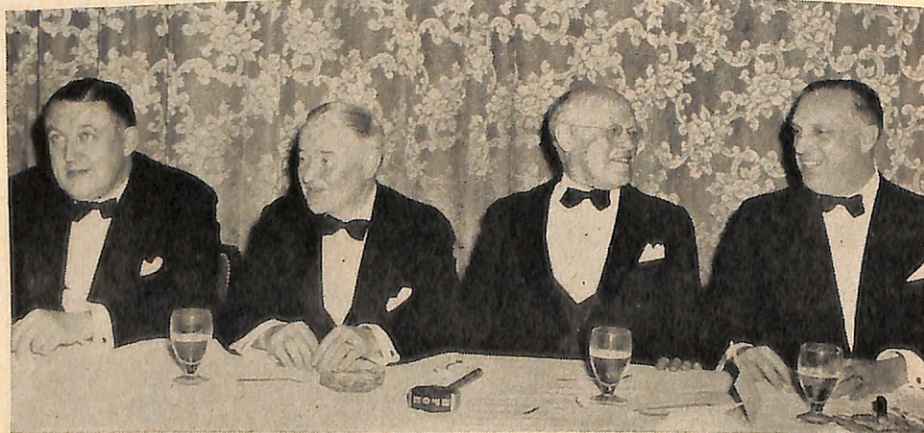
NEWTON, IA., Lodge, No. 1270, threw a dance for Teen-Agers recently and isn't disappointed in the results. More than 300 youngsters turned up to dance to the music of a ten-piece band and enjoy the kind of refreshments that go with that age. A dance contest was held during this record-breaking affair—the whole thing under the indulgent, but watchful eye of a group of Elks and their wives.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, on the 1946 anniversary of Pearl Harbor, was urged by State Pres. John F. Scileppi to form active groups to stamp out communism. On this occasion marking the official homecoming visit of D.D. Philip Parker, more than four hundred Elks, representing lodges in the East Central District, were present.

CARLINVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 1412, initiated a class of 17 members in honor of D.D. John Gibbons when he paid his official respects there recently. No. 1412 presented a \$100 check to Mr. Gibbons, as did Past State Pres. Judge Truman Snell, as an initial payment to the Elks National Foundation. A banquet, attended by about one hundred persons, wound up the doings of a very pleasant evening.

HOULTON, ME., Lodge, No. 835, welcomed the District Deputy for its section at a pleasant meeting recently. D.D. John R. Hall is the fifth member of No. 835 to be appointed as the Grand Exalted Ruler's representative for Maine East, and all P.D.D.'s of Houlton Lodge were on hand to greet him. Eight men became affiliated with the lodge on this occasion.

Right are luminaries of the Order who attended Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge's 60th Anniversary Dinner. Left to right, Mayor Frank Costello; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Toastmaster Judge James J. Barrett, P.E.R., and Judge John F. Scileppi, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.



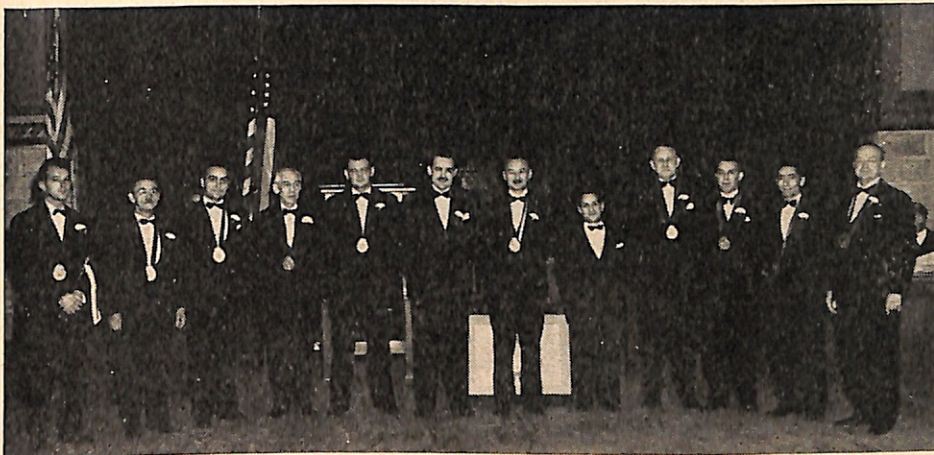


SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 6, turned out in full force not long ago to pay tribute to three of its Past Exalted Rulers—H. J. Thielen, John C. Ing and J. F. Misphey, a member of the Calif. State Association Trustees. At a meeting attended by many other Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, No. 6 presented Honorary Life Memberships to these three devoted Elks. Following the presentation ceremonies, a buffet supper and musical program were enjoyed.

Not many nights later, Sacramento Lodge scored a definite scoop by being the first organization in the city to welcome Dick Bartell as manager of the Sacramento Senators, and to present the new baseball skipper as a dinner guest. This was another of No. 6's interesting pre-lodge affairs and was, as usual, a sell-out. Both the roast beef dinner and Dick Bartell's remarks were well appreciated. A wonderful stage show was put on, as is customary for these pre-lodge affairs; this one was a lulu.

No. 6 has a handsome and well-edited bulletin, "Number Six", and in recognition of the lodge's recent 50th anniversary, a special Golden Anniversary and Fifty Years of Accomplishment edition was published.

Sacramento Lodge attained second place in the State in the number of members added during the year, the history-making initiation of a class of more than 350 last Spring being a huge boost to the over-all net gain of 785.

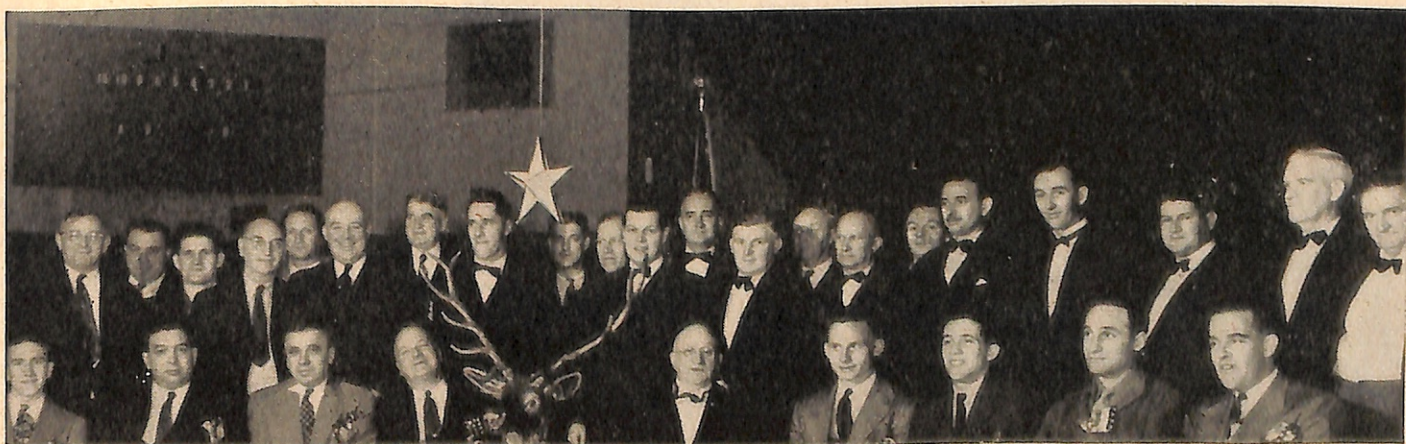


At top are the officers and 36 new members initiated into Tucson, Ariz., Lodge during D.D. Louis P. Laux' visit.

Above are officers of Irvington, N. J., Lodge with D.D. Charles J. Geng, Jr., and State Vice-Pres. Stanley E. Williams.

Right are officers of visiting lodges, who were present at the institution of Mountain Home, Ark., Lodge.

Below are some of those who welcomed D.D. Archie Buttura to the home of Hartford (White River Junction), Vt., Lodge. Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers is shown fifth from right, first row.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

Right: Some of the Polish refugee children are pictured with members of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge who took them on a trip to Niagara Falls recently.



Left: Ellwood City, Pa., Elk dignitaries are photographed during the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Lodge, No. 392, at impressive ceremonies climaxed by an elaborate banquet, fixed things up so that it can call its home its own. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett set fire to the mortgage paper, with the assistance of State Pres. Boyce Whitmire, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; D.D. Dr. W. A. Sams and E.R. Karl C. Miller, State Vice-President.

Dr. Barrett gave the principal address of the evening, following the barbecue banquet, and the all-day celebration closed with a dance in the auditorium of the lodge home.

Right are those who attended the Elks Bowling Association of American Organizational Meeting held recently at the home of Madison, Wis., Lodge.



LIVINGSTON, MONT., Lodge, No. 246, recently received a vote of thanks from the City Recreation Department, through Director Herb Moore, for its cooperation and active support of the city-wide project. No. 246 not only sponsors a boxing program in which more than 30 boys participate twice weekly, but also provides the necessary equipment and quarters for workouts.

The Livingston Elks donate the use of their home's basement hall for meetings of the "Whizz Kids" Bicycle Club which has more than 50 members; sponsor a team in the Independent Basketball League, and give a free dance each month for teen-age boys and girls in the lodge's home, also supplying the orchestra and refreshments.



Left are, left to right, State Pres. John F. Scileppi, D.D. Philip Parker and E.R. John F. Schoonmaker at the dinner held by Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge on the homecoming of D.D. Parker.

MILFORD, MASS., Lodge, No. 628, celebrated its 46th Anniversary with 200 members, including three charter members, attending the banquet and entertainment marking this auspicious occasion. Bill Summers, veteran American Baseball League umpire and a member of No. 628 for more than 25 years, was Toastmaster and kept things moving gracefully.

Among the guest speakers were Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; D.D. Robert C. M. Mulcahy; State Pres. Edward A. Spry; Past State Pres.'s William J. Moore and George Steele, Worcester County District Attorney Alfred B. Cenedella, P.E.R. of Milford Lodge, and E.R. John F. Maher.



Left are State and District Officers and Exalted Rulers at the meeting of the Ohio Northwest District held at Kenton Lodge.

PEORIA, ILL., Lodge, No. 20, made quite a thing of the visit of D.D. Albert C. Vanselow of Springfield not long ago. At ceremonies held at the Pere Marquette Hotel in that city, a class of 35 candidates was initiated, while the Elks' ladies were entertained by local talent.

In his address to the gathering, Mr. Vanselow stressed the continuation of the Elks' program for the entertainment of hospitalized veterans and also praised the lodge's permanent fund for tubercular patients—Elks and non-Elks alike—as well as the Order's drive for the rehabilitation of crippled children to the tune of \$20,000,000 over a period of years.

Many State Association officials were present, including Pres. R. Byron Zea, Secy. S. A. Thompson and Treas. W. S. Wolff who also made a few remarks at this splendid meeting.

IOWA STATE ELKS. At the close of a three-day meeting of the Iowa State Elks Assn. held recently at the home of Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251, legislative action to combat juvenile delinquency was urged.

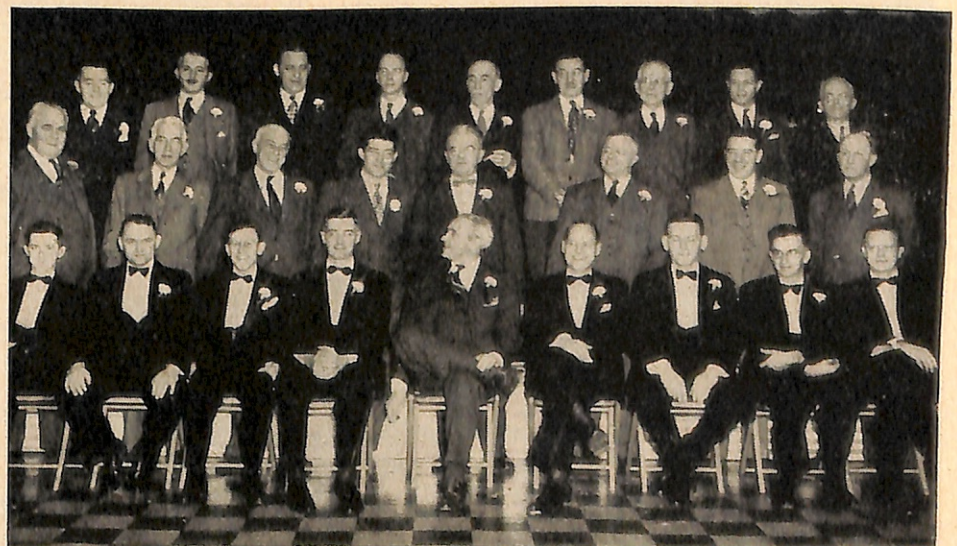
In a resolution, the delegates advocated enactment of a law making parents responsible to juvenile courts for the care and supervision of children, and making neglect punishable in those courts. These civic-minded, fact-facing Elks also demanded passage of a law extending District Court authority as to the appointment and compensation of juvenile probation officers and expansion of facilities at State juvenile institutions, with adequate salaries for qualified personnel.

KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 468, held its annual Father-Son Football Banquet recently under the direction of Roy Wicke, who, with other football enthusiasts, saw to it that a fine dinner was served. During its final preparations Coach Matt Hanhila showed a movie of football highlights, and afterwards he introduced Coach Frank Brickey of the Arizona State College of Flagstaff who complimented the local boys on their sportsmanship, and then several former Kingman players now affiliated with the Flagstaff team addressed the gathering.



Above are members of the first class initiated into Manila, P. I., Lodge since its reorganization.

Below: Gov.-Elect Ernest W. Gibson, seated center, with lodge officers and civic officials, at the "Governor's Night" Party held by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

ELKS BOWLING ASSN. OF AMERICA. The 27th Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament, under the auspices of Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, will be held beginning March 15, 1947.

On that date strike-blasting will begin and just when it will end will be determined by the number of entries, which will close February 15th. It is expected that the 1947 Tournament will have teams entered in great numbers from lodges throughout the entire country, and for full information and registration, teams are requested to get in touch with Secretary-Treasurer John J. Gray, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, 4, Wis., who continues to carry on the work he began more than a decade ago.

Edgar N. Quinn of Madison Lodge is General Chairman of the local Tournament Committee and the ball-tossing will be done in 34 alleys—10 at Pladium, ten at the Moderne Recreation and 14 at the Plaza. Secretary Gray reports that the entry fee will once more be \$4 per person in each event, including 90 cents for bowling fees and 80 cents covering tournament expenses; prizes will be divided on the basis of 60 per cent as regular awards and 40 per cent good-fellowship, or "draw", and that diamond medals will be presented in each event.

This years' tourney is expected to be the biggest ever, and E.R. Frank J. Jacobson of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, Chairman of the National Legislative and Rules Committee of the Elks Bowling Association of America, promises that these amateurs' interest will be well protected.

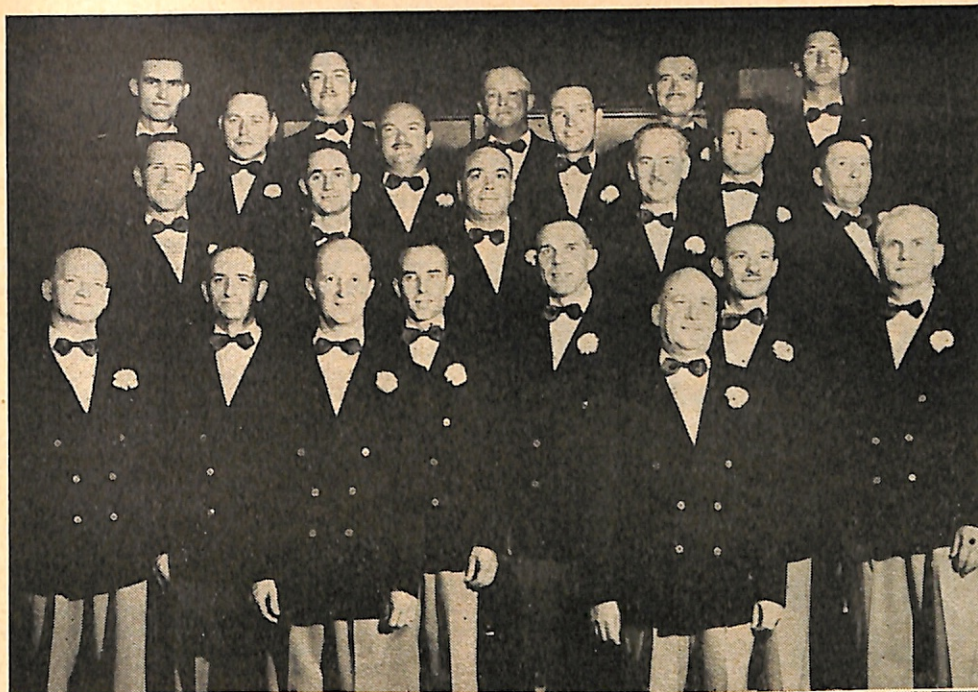
OGDEN, UTAH, Lodge, No. 719, doesn't believe in eye-strain, and to prove it, its members are seeing to it that the city's Carnegie Free Library has the proper lighting equipment. The Ogden Elks are not confining their generosity to supplying modern illumination alone; they have also done a great deal for the children's department of this fine building.



Above: A photograph of the annual Children's Hallowe'en Party given by Rice Lake, Wis., Lodge proves the fact that these teenagers enjoyed it.

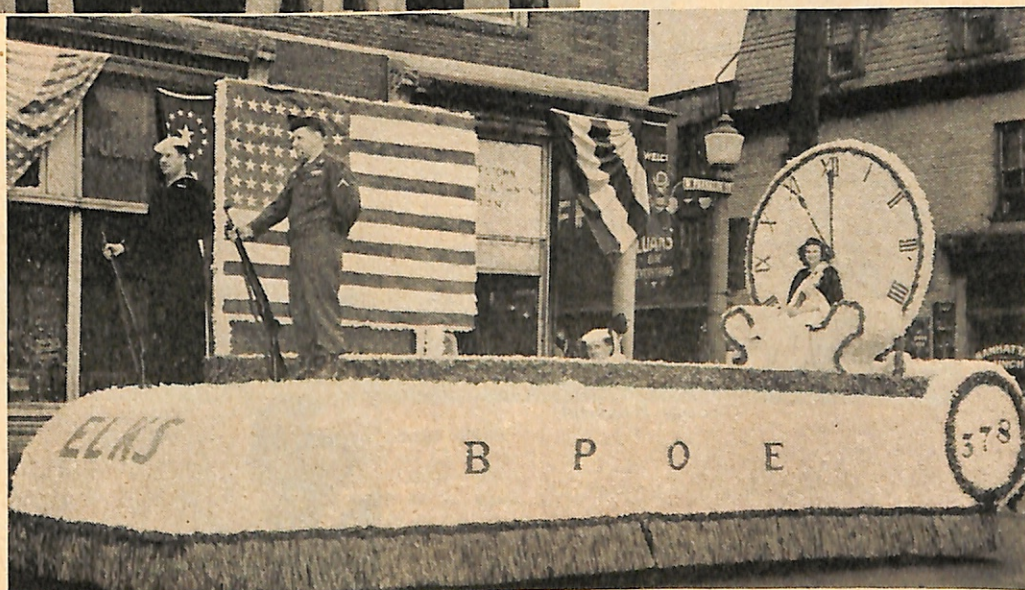
Below: The Elks Band is pictured on the evening it was presented to the lodge as its personal responsibility, to the complete approval of Lakewood, Ohio, Elks.





Left is the group of men comprising the Glendale, Calif., Elks Choraleers, winners of the Glee Club Contest for large groups, held in connection with the 1946 meeting of the California State Elks Association.

Right: The prize-winning float entered by Hagerstown, Md., Lodge in the Armistice Day Parade of its city, welcoming World War I and II Veterans of Washington County.



Left is the cast of "Now and Then" which was run for five nights to packed houses by Waukegan, Ill., Lodge for the benefit of its General Charity Fund.

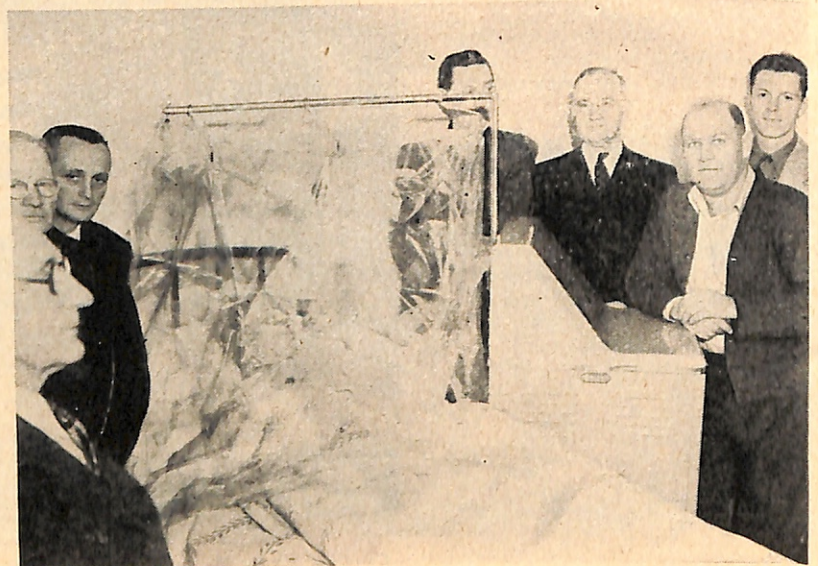
NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES



Above are some of the 90 children from the McCullough-Jefferson Children's Home as they were entertained at the annual party given by East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge.

MOUNTAIN HOME, ARK., Lodge, No. 1714, is now an integral part of the Order of Elks, with 85 of its 105 applicants initiated at the institution in November. A great many members and officers of Hot Springs Lodge No. 380 gave No. 1714 a great send-off, as did State Pres. William Laubach, State Vice-Pres. Harry Paulus and D.D. John Faye.

Well-wishers by the busload came from surrounding lodges and were escorted to the home of the new lodge. A buffet lunch was provided and then the various necessary ceremonies took place. Later on, a delightful dinner was prepared by the Elks' ladies and served to the appreciative visitors and new members. The occasion was such a success that one Hot Springs visitor went so far as to broadcast his compliments to the Mountain Home Elks over Station KTSH the following morning.



Right: Officers of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge are shown during the presentation of a Continentalaire Oxygen Tent to Josephine County Hospital.

Below are those who were honored at Manitowoc, Wis., Lodge's Old Timers' Night.



ELKS NATIONAL HOME. The residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., were honored recently with a two-day visit from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett and Charles G. Hawthorne, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, who were accompanied by several members of Baltimore, Md., Lodge.

E.R. Daniel Edgington of the Home lodge called a special meeting the second evening at which Dr. Barrett spoke. Mr. Hawthorne also addressed the gathering, announcing that during the year he had received contributions to the motion picture fund for the Home from 1,100 lodges, and has a surplus with which he will purchase 1,000 new books for the Home library.

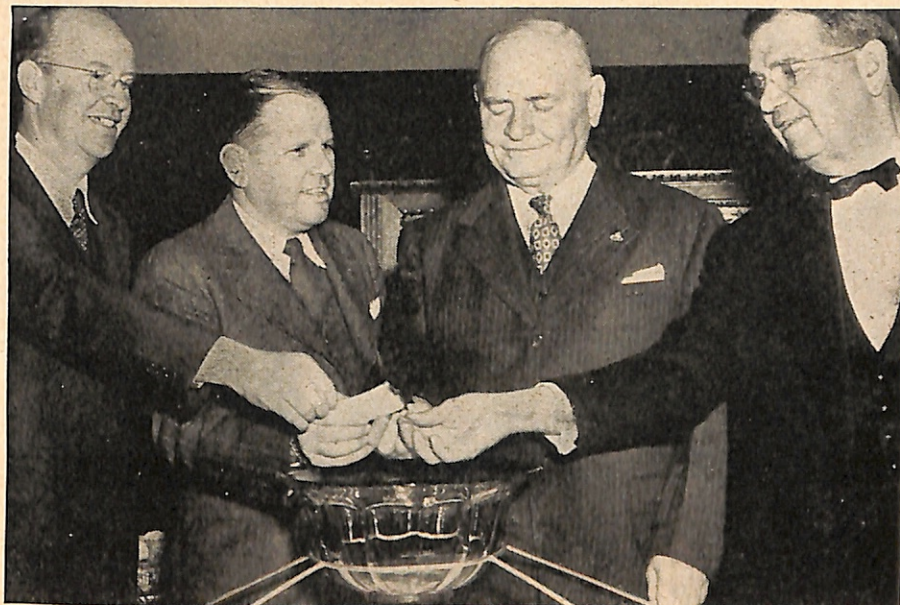
After the meeting, a social session was held in the main lobby of the building where refreshments were served.

MINOT, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, lost a charter member and its first Exalted Ruler Nov. 6th when Judge Leo J. Palda, Jr., passed away at a local hospital at the age of 73. Funeral services, conducted by officers of the local lodge, were held Nov. 8th at the home of No. 1089, after which the body was taken to Lakewood Cemetery in Minneapolis, Minn., for cremation.

Widely known in legal and fraternal circles in the Northwest, Judge Palda was a past president of the North Dakota Bar Association and served as District Deputy of the Order of Elks in 1909. He was a member of the Masonic Order for more than 50 years and served as general counsel for the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and as president of the Minot Rotary Club in 1933. The Judge had been a resident of Ward County since 1900 and was elected the first mayor of Kenmare when he was 26 years old. Three years later Gov. Frank White chose him for a district judgeship and he moved to Minot to serve in this capacity. In recent years the Judge and his son Robert W. Palda, also a P.E.R. of Minot Lodge, practiced law in that city. He is survived by Mrs. Palda and two sons.

A message of condolence from Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton on Judge Palda's passing was read before the regular meeting of Minot Lodge.

Right: Dick Bartell, left, is welcomed as manager of the Sacramento Senators, at Sacramento, Calif., Lodge's stag dinner given in his honor, by E.R. F. H. Seymour as Yubi Separovich looks on.

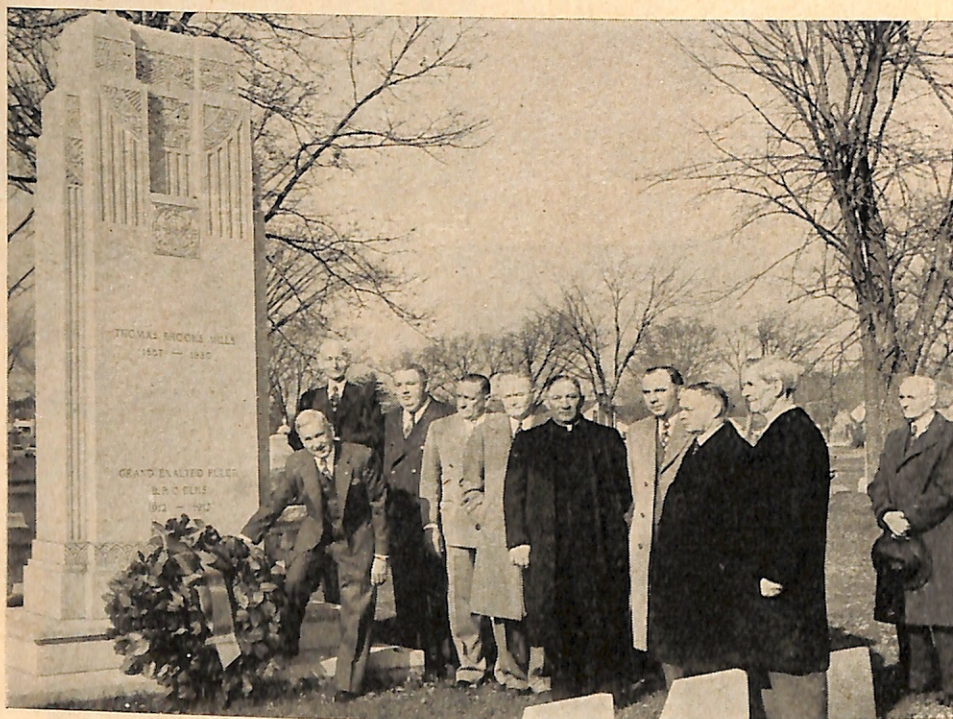


Above, left to right: State Pres. Boyce Whitmire, E.R. Karl C. Miller, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett and D.D. Dr. W. A. Sams as the mortgage on the home of Charlotte, N. C., Lodge was destroyed.

Below are those who were entertained at East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge's Elk Father and Son Night.

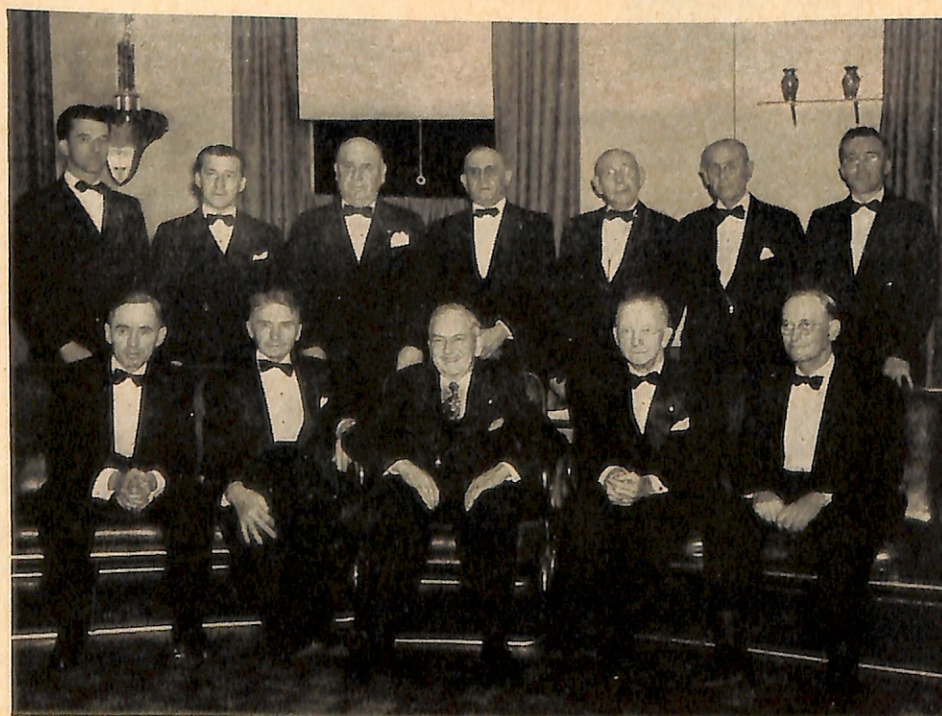


THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton with a delegation of La Crosse and Marshfield, Wis., Elks, visit the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Brooks Mills at Black River Falls. Members of Mr. Mills' family were also in the party.

Below are officials of Biddeford-Saco, Me., Lodge who assisted in entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, seated center, on his recent visit to their State.



THE recruiting of an exemplary peacetime Army has for the past several months, following the request made to the Grand Lodge delegates in New York last July by Major General Harold N. Gilbert, Assistant The Adjutant General for Military Personnel Procurement, been one of the main purposes of the B. P. O. Elks. It was recently Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton's pleasure to announce that the Army has reached its original goal of 1,000,000 volunteers and has now set itself a quota of 10,000 men each week in order to replace those men discharged.

According to reports made through Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, Mr. Broughton has been able to announce that the Elks throughout the United States have exceeded their goal of one recruit per month for each 100 members. F/Sgt. Desmond Pierce, Sheboygan, Wis., recruiting sergeant, expressed the Army's appreciation for the Elks' cooperation in this vital project.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., LODGE, NO. 299, the home lodge of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, initiated a class of thirty in his honor on October 27th during the occasion of the visit of D.D. Harold Londo. More than 300 Elks were there, including representatives of eight other lodges in the State. The Sheboygan officers handled the ritualistic ceremonies and a social hour followed when the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a gift from No. 299 and D.D. Londo received a life-time pen and pencil set. A dinner for the lodge officers and Elk dignitaries preceded the initiation.

THE Elks of **MARSHFIELD, WIS., LODGE, NO. 665**, played host to Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton on November 6th when he visited there with other Elk dignitaries. He was entertained at a noon luncheon in the club rooms of the lodge home, which was attended by State President John Fay; State Assn. Chaplain Andrejewski; E.R. William Arndt of Sheboygan Lodge, and D.D. William Uthmeier, formerly of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

Past State Pres. T. F. McDonald was Toastmaster during the festivities and introduced the speakers, chief among whom was the Grand Exalted Ruler

who spoke briefly but forcefully on the history, growth and aims of the Order, stressing the Elks' interest and assistance to crippled children, a project in which Mr. Broughton is himself actively interested. He also stressed the Order's program to give aid to hospitalized veterans of the last two wars. Mr. Broughton's address also stressed the importance of fighting those 'isms' contrary to the tenets and principles of this great Fraternity and our country. Following his impressive talk, Rev. Howard A. Le Pere, Chaplain of Marshfield Lodge, presented the Order's ruler with a gift on behalf of No. 665.

The GI Elks Overseas Band, under the direction of Charles Braem, furnished a musical program which was well received.

APPLETON, WIS., LODGE, NO. 337, observed its Fiftieth Anniversary on November 8th and 9th, with Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton as its honored guest.

The banquet held in honor of Mr. Broughton was held at six o'clock Saturday evening, with Chairman Bert A. Thompson of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, acting as Toastmaster. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary of the Order, also spoke, as well as Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees.

The celebration opened with registration, open house and a reception which included music and entertainment on Friday afternoon, which preceded an initiation banquet when several dignitaries of the Order including State Pres. John Fay and D.D. Harold Londo spoke. A class of about 50 men was initiated.

The next evening the Appleton Elks climaxed their two-day Golden Jubilee Celebration with a banquet, following open house and a reception. Hundreds of local and visiting Elks took part in the affair. Preceding the Grand Exalted Ruler's important address, a delicious dinner was enjoyed.

Following the banquet dancing was enjoyed in both the lodge hall and the Green room of the home of No. 337, with a fine floor show adding interest to this auspicious occasion.

Andrew W. Parnell, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was General Chairman of this celebration.

Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" Scholarship Awards

SPECIAL NOTICE

The applications of students who wish to be considered for these scholarship awards must be filed with the Secretary of the State Association, of the State in which the applicant is resident, on or before March 1, 1947.



Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler, third from right, is warmly greeted by Wisconsin officials, including State Pres. John C. Fay and D.D. Harold Londo, when he attended the 50th Anniversary Celebration of Appleton, Wis., Lodge.



Below: When Mr. Broughton visited Eugene, Ore., Lodge, present were, seated, left to right: Secy. George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Chairman John E. Drumme

of the Board of Grand Trustees. Standing, left to right: C. B. Mudd, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Chairman R. S. Farrell, Jr., of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Grand Esquire F. T. Garesche, P.D.D. R. C. Heinlein, Secretary to Mr. Broughton, and D.D. W. L. Olsen.



Editorial

Washington and Lincoln



ISTORY records few names more universally remembered and respected than the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. No names inspire greater reverence, not only in the hearts of the American people, but throughout the world, wherever the

hope of liberty is cherished in the hearts of men.

On February 22nd, thousands of our fellow citizens will gather in various places to pay tribute to the memory of Washington—the General whose military genius gave to the world a new country, the President whose statesmanship guided that country through its formative years.

Throughout the nation thousands will gather on February 12th to honor the name of the man who, sadly and reluctantly recognizing that internal strife was inevitable, clung to his conception of right, and with prophetic vision saw a greater and united nation arise from the ashes of war.

No two men could be farther apart in personality and circumstances of birth than Washington and Lincoln. The former, born to luxury, an aristocrat, dignified of bearing, meticulous in dress; the latter, born in utmost poverty, educating himself by the fitful gleam of burning logs, a democrat, kindly, understanding, a man always of and for the people. But in the heart of America the memory of these great men is always coupled one with the other. This is not due to the coincidence of the proximity of the celebration of their birth, but to an unconscious recognition of the fact that each was fundamentally great, and alike in strength, courage and faith in himself and his country. Each carried on his allotted task—Washington to accept the sword of surrender from the hand of a powerful foe; Lincoln to see the end of war, but to meet death by an assassin's bullet as he made ready to "bind up the nation's wounds".

A Man of Action



IT WILL be recalled that Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, addressing the Grand Lodge last July, vigorously denounced communism, klanism and all other influences aimed at undermining our American way of life. He also promised that he would carry on in "the faith of our fathers", and urged the members of the Order to guard against subtle propaganda, and unpatriotic "isms" directed against the principles of justice and tolerance which are the foundations of our government.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, since assuming office, has con-

sistently followed this line, not only with words but with action. At the first opportunity to take time out from his official duties he returned to his home in Wisconsin and through the Attorney General's office instigated proceedings to revoke the 25-year-old charter of the Ku Klux Klan on the grounds that "the organization was un-American, un-democratic and based on religious and racial prejudice".

A hearing before Judge H. J. Sachjen, in Dade County Court, Madison, resulted in the charter's revocation and a judgment preventing further activity, should an attempt be made to revive the klan. The judge, issuing his order, said, "Following World War II the Ku Klux Klan has resumed activity in other States and unless action is taken promptly its activities may be resumed in Wisconsin".

The precedent established by the State of Wisconsin in revoking the klan charter for the reason that the organization is "un-American and prejudicial" to our form of government may well be followed by other states. The original applications for klan charters were veiled, lofty words and patriotic phrases, but the subsequent actions of the klan proved them to be "weasel words", and its real purpose to foster hatred and prejudice. The revival of the klan is an attempt to crystallize the unrest following war into racial and religious hatred. The states can limit it by revoking its charters.

The great State of Wisconsin has acted wisely in banishing the klan, and Elks may be proud of the fact that the action was due to the initiative of their Grand Exalted Ruler.

Another Milestone to Pass



IN THIS month of birthdays it must not be forgotten that not the least among them is the anniversary of the birth of a great American institution, the B. P. O. Elks.

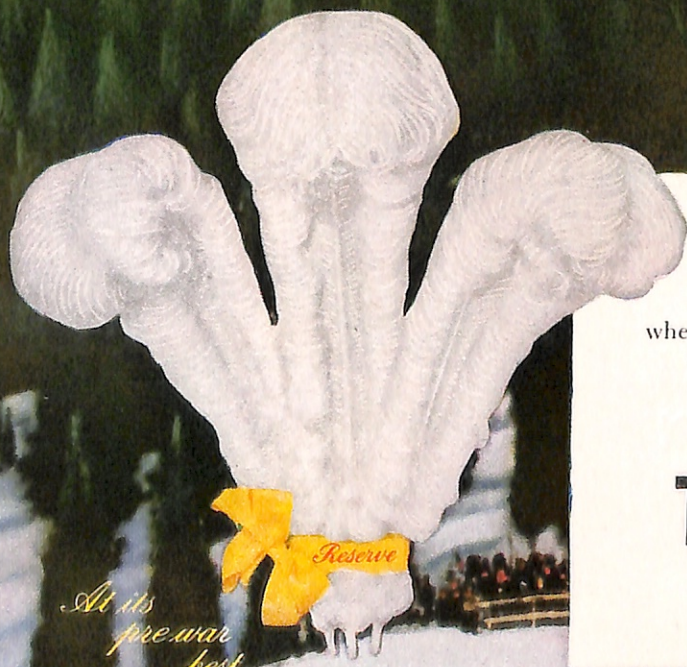
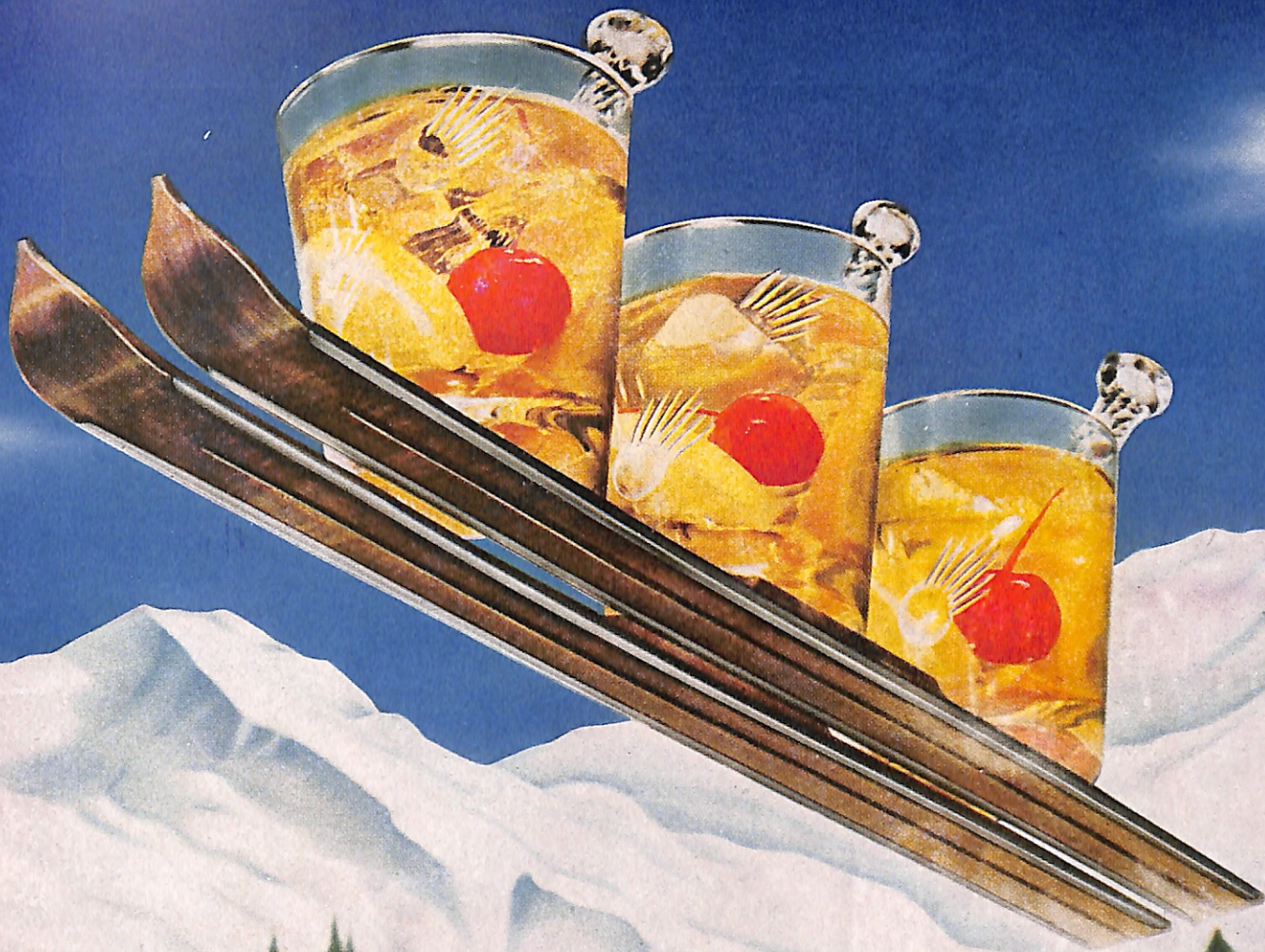
It is a long way back to New York's Bowery and the day when a small company of men, inspired by their friendly association, brought into the world a fraternity based upon the Divine admonition, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you", and found in it the essence of true fraternity.

At first an organization of men of the theatre, it soon broke through the bounds of class for the very weight of its principles, and reputation for good fellowship appealed to men of good will everywhere, and carried the fraternity far afield.

Seventy-nine years is not a great measure of time but the Order has traveled far. From the Bowery it has gone to the western boundaries of our country and crossed the Pacific to the far-flung rim of its Possessions. But always the momentum has been sustained by the principles which gave it birth, and the fundamental faith of its founders.

If, from some vantage point in the infinite, the little company of founders can comprehend the extent to which the Order has grown, its strength and virility, its splendid record in peace and in war, the public esteem it enjoys, its increasing membership, and its adhered-to first principles, how proud they must be of the great patriotic fraternity into which they breathed the breath of life seventy-nine years ago.

On Feb. 16th, at "the hour of eleven" when Elksdom pauses to toast "Our Absent Brothers", let a thought be given to those whose charitable impulses found expression in the Order of Elks, "little at first" but "mighty in the last".



*At its
pre-war
best*

Smooth Take-off

It's always a smooth take-off for friendly gatherings when you serve Old Fashioneds made with the *finest-tasting Three Feathers in 64 years*. Lighter, smoother, richer than ever, *Three Feathers Whiskey* makes every drink soar to new heights of enjoyment!

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YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU!

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That's your own proving
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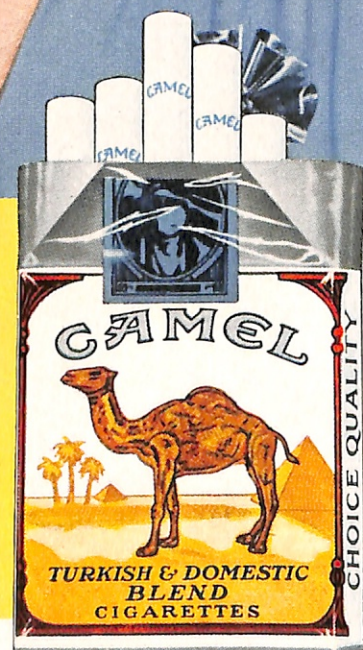
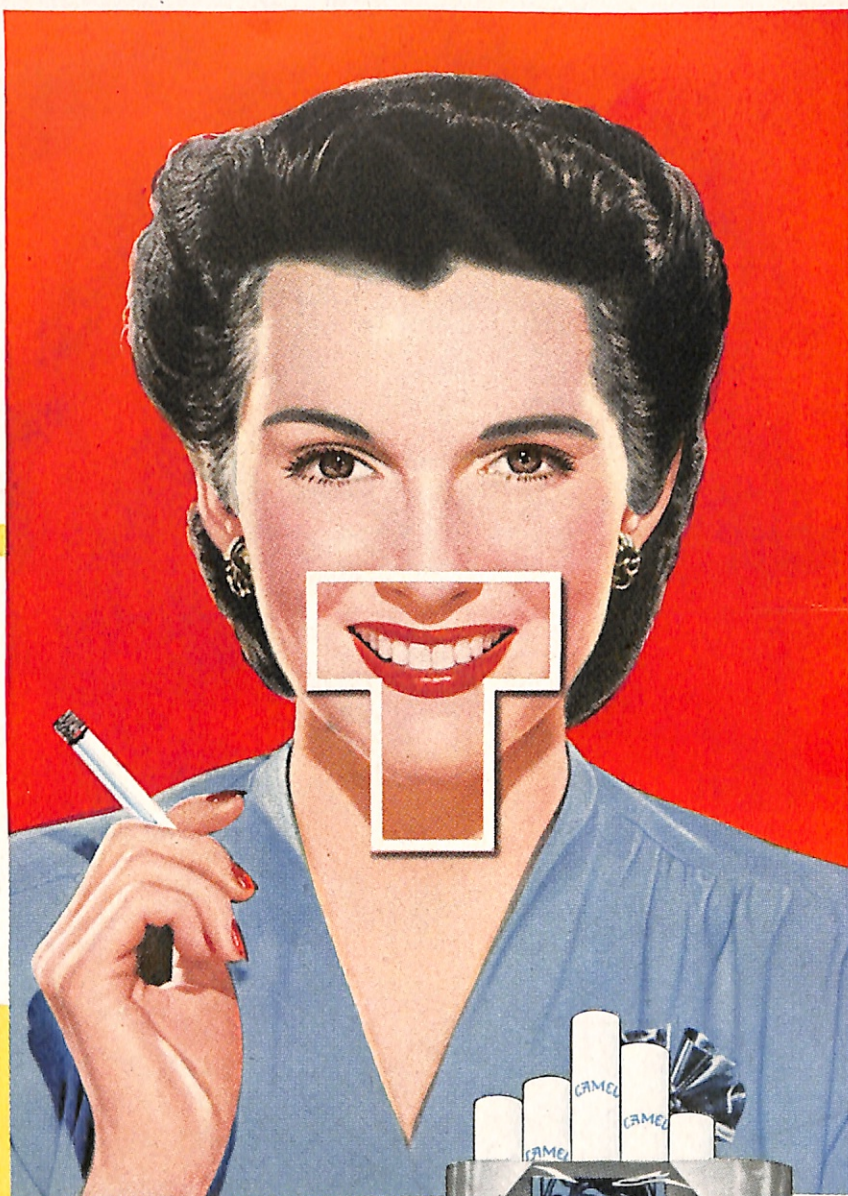
YES, the "T-Zone" is your own critical laboratory for any cigarette. That's where you learn by actual smoking experience the cigarette that suits you best.

For your taste and your throat are individual to you. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat.

Try Camels. See how your taste responds to the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice, properly aged

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than any other cigarette {

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